

THE
PICTVRE
A TRAGÆCOMÆDJE,

As it was often presented with good
allowance, at the *Globe*, and
Blackefriers play-houses, by
the Kings Maiesties
seruants.

Written by Philip Massinger.



LONDON.

Printed by I. N. for Thomas Walkley and are
to be sold at his shoppe at the Eagle and
Child in Britains Burse. 1630.



Dramatis personæ. The Actors names.

*Ladislaus King of Hun-
garie.* Robert Benfield.

*Eubulus an old Counsay-
lor.* John Lewin,

*Ferdinand Generall of
the army.* Richard Sharpe.

*Mathias a knight of Bo-
hemia.* Joseph Taylor.

Ubaldo, 2. wild courtiers. Thomas Pollard.
Ricardo, Eylardt Swanstone.

Hilario, seruant to Sophia. John Shanucke.

*Julio Baptista a great
scholler.* William Pen.

Honoria the Queene. John Tomson.

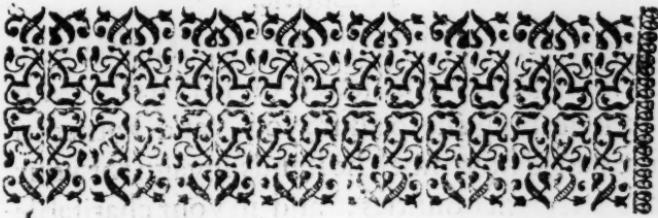
Acanthe a maid of honor. Alexander Goffe.

Sophia wife to Mathias. John Hunnieman.

Corisca, Sophias woman William Trigge.

6. Masquers.

6. seruants to the Queene
Attendants.



To my Honored, and selected friends
of the Noble Society of the Inner
Temple.

Tmay bee obiect, my not inscri-
bing their names, or tittles, to
whom I dedicate this Poem, procee-
deth either from my diffidence of
their affection to me, or their vnwillingnes to be
publishde the Patrons of a trifle. To such as shall
make so strict an inquisition of mee, I truely an-
swere. The *Play* in the presentment found
such a generall approbation, that it gaue mee as-
surance of their fauour to whose protection it is
now sacred, and they haue protes'd they so
sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they
would haue freely granted that in the publicati-
on, which for some reasons. I denide my selfe.
one, and that is a maine one: I had rather inioy
(as I haue donne) the reall proofes of their
friendship, then mountebancke like boast their

The Epistle.

numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it noble gentlemen as a confirmation of his seruice who hath uothing else to assure you, and witnes to the world how much he stands ingagd for your soe frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me beleeue, that you now may, and shall cuer command,

Your seruant

Philip Massinger.



To his worthy friend M'. *Philip*

Massingr, vpon his *Tragacomadie*
stiled, *The Picture*.

ME things I heere some busie Criticke say
Who's this that singly vshers on this Play?
'Tis boldnes I confess, and yet perchance
It may be constur'd loue, not arrogance.
I do not heere vpon this leafe intrude
By praysing one, to wrong a multitude.
Nor do I thinke that all are tyed to be
(Forc'd by my vote) in the same creed with me.
Each man hath liberty to iudge; free will,
At his owne pleasure to speake good, or ill.
But yet your Muse alreadie's knowne so well
Her worth will hardly find an infidell.
Heere she hath drawne a picture, which shall lye
Safe for all future times to practise by.
What ere shall follow are but Coppies, some
Preceding workes were types of this to come.
'Tis your owne lively image, and letts forth
When we are dust the beauty of your worth.
He that shall dully read and not aduance
Ought that is heere betrayes his ignorance.
Yet whoeuer beyond desert commends
Errs more by much then he that reprehends,
For prayse misplac'd, and honor set vpon
A worthlesse subiect is detraction.
I cannot sin so heere vndeſſe I went
About, to stile you only excellent.
Apollo's guifts are not confind alone
To your dispose, He hath more heires then one,

And

And such as do derive from his blest hand
A large inheritance in the Poets land
As well as you, nor are you I assure
My selfe so enuious, but you can endure
To heare their praiſe, whose worth long ſince was knowne
And Iuſtly to, prefer'd before your owne.
I know you would take it for an iniury,
(And 'tis a well becomming moideſty)
To be paraleld with *Beaumont*, or to heare
Your name by ſome to partiall friend write neere
Vnqual'd *Jonſon* : being men whose fire
At diſtance and with reuerence you admir'd.
Do ſo and you ſhall find your gaine will bee
Much more by yeelding them prioritie
Then with a certainety of loſſe to houſt
A foolish competition ; Tis to bould.
A rafque, and to be ſhunde, nor ſhall my prayſe
With to much waight ruine, what it would rayſe.

Thomas Lay.



THE PICTVRE,

A true Hungarian History.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

*Enter Mathias in armour, Sophia in a riding suite, Corisca,
Hilario with other seruants.*

Mathias.

SInce we must part *Sophia*, to passe further
Is not alone impertinent but dangerous.
We are not distant from the *Turkishe* campe
Aboue fve leagues, and who knowes but some partie
Of his Timariots that scourre the countrey
May fall vpon vs, be now as thy name
Truely interpreted hath ever spoke thee,
Wife, and discreete, and to thy vnderstanding
Marrie thy constant pacience.

Sophia. Yow put me Sir,
To the vtmost triall of it.

Mathias. Nay noe melting,
Since the necessity that now seperates vs,
We haue long since disputed, and the reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft walld in teates,
I grant that you in birth were farre aboue mee,
And great men my superiours riualls for you,
But mutuall consent of heart, as hands
Ioynde by true loue hath made vs one, and equall;
Nor is it in me meere desire of fame,

B

Or

The Picture.

Or to be cōide vp by the publike voyce
For a braue fouldier that puts on my armour,
Such aerie tumours take not me you know
How narrow our demeanors are, and whats more
Hauing as yet no charge of children on vs
We hardly can subsist.

Sophia. In you alone sir
I haue all abundance.

Mathias. For my minds content
In your owne language I could answere you
You haue beene an obedient wife, a right one,
And to my power, though short of your desert
I haue beene euer an indulgent husband.
we haue long inioyd the sweets of loue, and though
Not to satisfie, or lothing, yet
We must not liue such dotardes on our pleasures
As full to hugge them to the certaine losse
Of profit, and preferment, competent meanes
Maintaines aquiet bed, want breeds dissencion
Euen in good women.

Sophia. Haue you found in me sir
Any distaft, or signe of discontent
For want of whats superfluous?

Mathias, No Sophia.
Nor shalt thou euer haue cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodnes if heauen blesse
My honest vndertakings; 'tis for thee
That I turne fouldier, and put forth dearest
Upon this sea of action as a fact or
To trade for rich materialls to adorne
Thy noble parts, and shew' em in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies lesse in beauty
And outward forme, but in the harmonie
Of the soules rauishing musicke the same age
Not to be nam'd with thee, should so out shine thee
In iewels, and variety of wardrobes,

While

The Picture.

While you (to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compar'd are of no value) wanting these
Pasie vnregarded.

Sophia. If I am so rich or
In your opinion, why should you borrow
Additions for me?

Mathias. Why? I should be censur'd
Of ignorance possessing such a Jewell
Aboue all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments. Therefore *Sophia*
In few words know my pleasure and obey me,
As you haue euer done to your discretion,
I leaue the gouernment of my family
And our poore fortunes, and from these command
Obedienoe to you as to my selfe,
To the vtmost of what's mine liue plentifully,
And ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
A haruest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Sophia. Since you are not
To be diuerted Sir from what you purpose
All arguments to stay you heere are vselesse.
Goe when you please Sir, Eyes I charge you waste not
One drop of sorrow, looke you hoord all vp
Till in my widdlowed bed I call vpon you,
But then be sure you faile not. You blest Angels
Guardians of humane life, I at this instant
Forbeare t'inuoke you, at our parting 'twere
To perfonate deuotion. My foule
Shall goe along with you, and when you are
Circl'd with death and horrour seeke and finde you:
And then I will not leaue a Saiat vnsu'd to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will doe in your absence, would shew poorely,
My actions shall speake me, 'twere to doubt you

The Picture.

To begge I may heere from you, where you are,
You cannot liue obscure nor shall one post
By night, or day passe vnexamin'd by me.
If I dwell long vpon your lips, consider
After this feast the griping fast that followes
And it will be excusable, pray turne from mee.
All that I can is spoken.

Exit Sophia.

Mathias. Follow your misteresse.
Forbeare your wishes for me, let mee finde 'em
At my returne in your prompt will to serue her.

Hilario. For my part sir I will grow leane with study
To make her merry.

Corisca. Though you are my Lord,
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place
I may take my leaue, your hand or if you please
To haue me fight so high, ile not be coy
But stande a tiptoe for't;

Mathias. O farewell gyrtle.

Hilario. A kisse well begg'd *Corisca*,

Corisca. Twas my fee,
Loue how he melts! I cannot blame my ladies
Vnwillingesse to part with such marmulade lips.
There will be scrambling for'em in the campe,
And were it not for my honesty I could wish now
I were his leager landresse I would finde
Sope of mine owne, enough to wash his linnen
Or I would straine hard for't

Hilario. How the mammaet'twitters!

Come, come my ladie staies for vs.

Corisca. Would I had beeне
Her ladiship the last night.

Hilario. Noe more of that wench.

Exunt Hilario.

Mathias. I am strangely troubled; yet why I should nourish
A furie heere, and with imagind foode.
Hauing no reall grounds on which to raise,
A buildings of suspition, she was euer

Or

The Picture.

Or can be false heereafter I in this
But foolishly inquire the knowledge of
A future sorrow, which if I find out,
My present ignorance were a cheape purchase
Though with my losse of beeing, I haue already
Dealt with a friend of mine, a generall scholler
One deeply read in natures hidden secrets,
And though with much vnwillingnesse haue wone him
To doe as much as Art can to resolute me
My fate that followes to my wish, Hee's come. *Enter
Baptista.*
Julio Baptista, now I may affirme
Your promise, and performance walke together.
And theretore without circumstance to the point,
Instruct me what I am.

Baptista. I could wish you had
Made triall of my loue some other way.

Mathias. Nay this is from the purpose.

Baptista. If you can,
Proportion your desire to any meane
I do pronounce you happy I haue found
By certaine rules of Art your matchlesse wife
Is to this present hower from all pollution
Free and vintainted.

Mathias. Good.

Baptista. In reason therefore
You should fixe heere, and make no farther serach
Of what may fall heereafter.

Mathias. O *Baptista*

Tis not in me to master so my passions,
I must know farther, or you haue made good
But halfe your promise while my loue stood by,
Holding her vpright, and my presence was
A watchvpon her; her desires being nact to
with equall ardor from me; what one prooef
Could she giue of her constancy being vntempted?
But when I am absent, and my comming backe

Vincertaine,

The Picture.

Vincertaine, and those wanton heates in women
Not to be quench'd by lawfull meanes, and shee
The absolute disposer of her selfe,
Without, controale, or curbe nay **more** inuited
By opportunity and all strong temptations
If then shee hold out.

Baptista. As no doubt shee will,

Mathias. Those doubts must be made certainties *Baptista*
By your assurance, or your boasted **Art**
Delerues no admiration, how you trifle
And play with my affliction? I am on
The wracke till you confirme mee.

Baptista. Sure *Mathias*.

I am no God, nor can I diue into
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are
That is deni'd to art, and kept conceald
enen from the duels themselues: they can but guesse
Out of long obseruation what is likely,
But positiuely to foretell that this shall be
You may conclude impossible, all I can
I will doe for you when you are distant from her
A thousand leauges as if you then were with her
You shall know truly when shee is solicited,
And how farre wrought on.

Mathias. I desire no more.

Baptista. Take then this little modell of *Sophia*
With more then humane skill limde to the **life**
Each line, and lenament of it in the drawing
Soe punctually obserued that had it motion
In so much were her selfe.

Mathias. It is indeede
An admirable peece, but if it haue not
Some hidden vertue that I cannot guesse at
In what can it aduantage me?

Baptista. Ile instruct you,
Carry it still about you and as oft

As

The Picture.

As you desire to know how shee's affected
With curious eyes peruse it while it keepes
The figure it now has intire, and perfitt
She is not onely innocent in fact
But vnattempted: but if once it varie
From the true forme, and what's now white, and red
Incline to yellow rest most confident
Shees with all violence courted but unconquer'd.
But if it turne all blacke 'tis an assurance
The fort by composition, or surprize
Is forc'd or with her free consent surrender'd.

Mathias. How much you haue ingag'd me for this fauour,
The seruice of my whole life shall make good

Baptista. We will not part so, Ile along with you
And it is needfull with the rising Sun
The armes meete yet ere the fight begun
In spite of oposition I will place you
In the head of the Hungarian Generals troope
And neere his person.

Mathias. As my better Angel
You shall direct and guide me.

Baptista. As we ride
Ile tell you more.

Mathias. In all things Ile obey you.

Exe.

Allus primi scana secunda,

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ricardo. When came the post?

Ubaldo. The last night.

Ricardo. From the campe?

Ubaldo. Yes as 'tis said, and the letterwrit and sign'd
By the generall *Ferdinand*

Ricardo. Nay then sans question
It is of moment.

Ubaldo,

The Picture.

Vbaldo. It concernes the liues
Of two great armies,

Ricardo. Was it cherfully
Received by the King?

Vbaldo. Yes, for being assured
The armes were in view of one another
Hauing proclaimed a publicke fast, and prayer
For the good successe, dispatch'd a gentleman
Of his priuy chamber to the generall
With absolute authority from him
To trie the fortune of a day.

Ricardo. No doubt then
The Generall will come on and fight it brauely,
Heauen Prosper him, this militarie art
I graunt to be the noblest of professions
And yet I thanke my stars for I was never
Inclin'd to learne it, since this bubble honour,
(Which is indeede the nothing souldiers fight for
With the losse of limbis, or life) is in my iudgement
Too deare a purchase.

Vbaldo. Give me our Court-warfare,
The danger is not great in the encounter
Of a faire Mistresse.

Ricardo. Faire and sound together
Doe very well *Vbaldo.* But such are
With difficultie to be found out, and when they know
Their value prizde too high. By thy owne report
Thou wast at twelue a gamester, and since that
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader
I' the streeete with certainte danger to thy pocket,
To the great Lady in her Cabinet,
That spent vpon thee more in cullises
To strengthen thy weake backe, then would maintaine
Twelue Flanders mares, and as many running horses:
Besides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons bills
Payd vpon all occasions, and those frequent.

Vbaldo.

The Picture.

Ubaldo. You talke *Ricardo*, as if yet you were
A nouice in those misteries.

Ricardo. By no meanes,
My Doctor can assure the contrary,
I loose no time. I haue felt the paine and pleasure
As he that is a gamester, and playes often
Must sometimes be a looser.

Ubaldo. Wherefore then
Doe you enuy me?

Ricardo. It growes not from my want,
Nor thy abundance, but being as I am
The likelier man, and of much more experience,
My good parts, are my cursies, there's no beauty
But yeeldes ere it be summon'd, and as nature
Had sign'd me the monopolie of maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I haue made my market,
Satiety cloyes me, as I liue I would part with
Halfe my estate, nay traualle ore the world
To finde that onely Phænix in my search
That cou'd hold out against me.

Ubaldo. Be not rapp'd so :
You may spare that labour, as she is a woman
What thinke you of the *Q*ueene?

Ricardo. I dare not aime at
The petticoateroyall, that is still excepted :
Yet were she not my Kings, being the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,
To write her in my catalogue, hauing injoy'd her
I would venter my necke to a halter, but we talke of
Impossibilities, as she hath a beauty
Would make old *Nef* or young, such maiesty
Drawes foorth a sword of terror to defend it,
As would fright *Paris*, though the *Q*uence of loue
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

Ubaldo. Haue you obseru'd
The grauity of her language mix'd with sweetnesse?

C

Ricardo.

The Picture.

Ricardo. Then at what distance she reserves her selfe
When the King himselfe makes his approaches to her,

Ubaldo. As she were still a virgine, and his life
But one continued wooing.

Ricardo. She well knowes
Her worth, and values it.

Ubaldo. And so farre the King is
Indulgent to her humors, that he forbeares
The duety of a husband, bxt when she callcs for't.

Ricardo. All his imaginations and thoughts
Are buried in her, the lowd noyse of waire
Cannot awake him.

Ubaldo. At this very instant.
When both his life and Crowne are at the stake,
He onely studies her content, and when
She's pleas'd to shew her selfe, musick and masques
Are with all care and cost prouided for her.

Ricardo. This night she promis'd to appeare.

Ubaldo. You may heleeue it by the diligence of the King
As if he were her harbinger.

**Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, and attendants
with perfumes.**

Ladislaus. These roome
Are not perfum'd as we directed.

Eubulus. Not Sir,
I know not what you would haue, I am sure the smoke
Cost treble the price of the whole weekes prouision
Spent in your Maiesties kitchins.

Ladislaus. How ! I scorne
Thy grosse comparision. When my *Honoris*
Th'amazement of the present time, and envy
Of all succeeding ages does descend
To sanctifie a place, and in her presence
Makes it a Temple to me, can I be

Too

The Picture.

Too curious, much leſſe prodigall to receiue her?
But that the ſplendour of her beames of beauty
Hath ſtrukē thee blinde?

Eubulus. As dotage hath done yon.

Ladiflans. Dotage, O blaſphemey! iſ it in me
To ſerue her to her merit? iſ ſhe not
The daughter of a King?

Eubulus. And you the ſonne
Of ours I take it, by what priuiledge else
Doe you reigne ouer vs? for my part I know not
Where the diſparity lyes.

Ladiflans. Her birth old man,
Old in the Kingdomes ſeruice which protects thee,
Is the leaſt grace in her: and though her beauties
Might make the thunderer a riuall for her,
They are but ſuperficiall ornaments
And faintly ſpeake her, from her heauenly mind
Were all antiquity and fiction loſt
Our moderne Poets could not in their fancie
But fashion a *Minerua* farre tranſcending
Th'imagin'd one, whom *Homer* onely dreamt of,
But then adde this, ſhe's mine, mine *Eubulus*.
And though ſhe know one glance from her faire eyes
Mall make all gazerſ her idolaters,
Shee is ſo ſparing of their influence
That to ſhunne ſuperiſtition in others,
Shee ſhootes her powerfull beames onely at me.
And can I then, whom ſhe desires to hold
Her Kingly captiue aboue all the world,
Whose Nations and Empires iſ ſhe pleas'd
Shee might command as ſlaues, but gladly pay
The humble tribute of my loue and ſeruice,
Nay if I ſayd of adoration to her
I did not erre?

Eubulus. Well, ſince you hugge your fetters
In loues name weare' em. You are a King, and that

The Picture.

Concludes you wifc. Your will a powerfull reason,
Which we that are foolish Subiects must not argue.
And what in a meane man I should call folly,
Is in your Maiesty remarkable wisedome.
But for me I subfcribe.

Ladiflaus. Doe, and loooke vp :
Vpon this wonder.

Lord musick., Honoria in state under a Canopy, her
traine borne vp by Siluia and Acanthe.

Ricardo. Wonder ? it is more Sir.

Vbaldo. A rapture, an astonishment.

Ricardo. What thinke you Sir ?

Enbulus. As the King thinkes, that is the surest guard
We Courtiers euer lieat. Was Prince euer
So drownd in dotage ? Without spectacles
I can see a hansome woman, and she is so :
But yet to admiration looke not on her.
Heauen how he fawnes ; and as it were his duty,
With what assured grauity she receiuers it !
Her hand againe ! O she at length vouchsafes
Her Lip, and as he had suck'd Nectar from it
How he's exalted ! Women in their natures
Affect command, but this humility
In a husband and a King markes her the way
To absolute tyranie. So, *Juno*'s plac'd
In *loues* Tribunall, and like *Mercurie*
Forgetting his owne greatnessse, he attends
For her imployments. She prepares to speake,
What Oracles shall we heare now ?

Honoria. That you please Sir,
With such assurances of loue and fauour,
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours Sir,
A matchlesse *Q*ueene, and one that knowes her selfe so,
Bindes me in retribution to deserue.

The

The Picture.

The grace conferd vpon me.

Ladislaus. You transcend
In all things excellent, and it is my glory,
Your worth weigh'd truly to depose my selfe
From absolute command, surrendring vp
My will and faculties to your disposure:
And heere I vow, not for a day or yeere,
But my whole life, which I wish long to serue you:
That whatsoeuer I in iustice may
Exaft from these my subiects, you from me
May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
In signe of my subiectio[n], as your vassall,
Thus I will pay my homage.

Honorius. O forbeare Sir,
Let not my Lips enuie my Robe: on them
Print your alegiance often. I desire
No other fealtie.

Ladislaus. Gracious Soueraigne,
Boundlesse in bounty!

Enbulus. Is not heere fine fooling?
He's questionlesse bewitch'd. would I were golt
So that would disenchant him. Though I forfeit
My life for it I must speake. By your good leaue sir,
I haue no sute to you, nor can you grant one
Hauing no Power. You are like me a subiect.
Her more then serene Maiesty being present.
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
Hauing depos'd your selfe to keepe your hat on,
And not stand bare as we doe, being no King,
But a fellow subiect with vs. Gentlemen vshers
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd,
He has giuen away his Crowne, and cannot challenge
The priuiledge of his bonnet.

Ladislaus. Doe no tempt me.

Enbulus. Tempt you, in what? in following your example?
If you are angry question me heereafter,

The Picture.

As *Ladiflans* shculd do *Eubulus*
On equall termes, you were of late my soueraigne
But weary of it, I now bend my knee
To her diuinity, and desire a boone
From her more then magnificence.

Honorria. Take it freely.
Nay be not mou'd, for our mirth sake let vs heare him,
Eubulus. 'Tis but to alke a question, haue you ne're read
The story of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?

Honorria. Not as I remember.
Eubulus. I will then instruct you,
And tis to the purpose, this *Ninus* was a King,
And such an impotent louing King as this was
But now hee's none, this *Ninus* (pray you obserue me)
Doted on this *Semiramis*, a siniths wife,
(I must confesse there the comparison holdes not,
You are a Kings daughter, yet vnder your correction
Like her a woman) this *Affrian monarch*
(Of whom this is a patterne) to expresse
His loue, and seruice, seated her as you are,
In his regall throne, and bound by oth his Nobles
Forgetting all allegiance to himselfe
One day to be her subiects, and to put
In execution what euer fesse
Pleas'd to impose vpon 'em, pray you command him
To minister the like to vs and then
You shall heare what follow'd.

Ladiflans. Well sir to your story.
Eubulus. You haue no warrant, stand by, Let me know
Your pleauing Goddesse.

Honorria. Let this nod assure you.
Eubulus. Goddesse like indeede, as I liue a pretty Idol,
She knowing her power wisely made vs'e of it
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance
Of what he had granted (as in reason Madam,
Y o m ay doe his) that hee might neuer haue

Power

The Picture.

Power to recall his grant, or question her
For her short gouernment, instantly gaue order
To haue his head struke off.

Ladislaus. Is't possible?

Eubulus. The story sayes so and commends her wisedome
For making vse of her authority :

And it is worth your imitation Madam,
He loues subiection, and you are no Queene
Vnlesse you make him feele the waight of it.
You are more then all the world to him, and that,
He may be foe to you, and not seeke change,
When his delights are fated, mew him vp
In some cloſe prison, if you let him liue
(Which is no policy) and there dyet him
As you thinke fit to feede your appetite
Since there ends his ambition.

Vbaldo. Diuclish counſaile.

Ricardo. The King's amaz'd.

Vbaldo. The Queene appeares too full
Of deepe imaginacions, *Eubulus*
Hath put both to it.

Ricardo. Now ſhe ſeemes resolu'd
I long to know the iſſue.

Honoraria descends.

Honoraria. Giue me leauue,
Deare ſir to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old man out of enuy
Of your vnequal'd graces ſhowr'd vpon me,
Hath in his fabulous ſtory lawcily
Applide to me, ſir that you onely nouriſh
One doubt *Honoraria* dares abuse the power
With which ſhee is inuerted by your fauour,
Or that ſhe euer can make vſe of it
To the iniury of you the great beſtow'er,
Takes from your iudgement, it was your delight
To ſeekē to me with more obsequiousneſſe,

Then

The Picture.

Then I desir'd. And stood it with my dutty
Not to receive what you were pleas'd to offer ?
I doe but a^t the Part you put vpon me,
And though you make me Personate a Queene,
And you my subiect, when the play your pleasure :
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royll Soueraigne.

Ricardo. Admirable !

Honoria. I haue heard of Captains taken more with dang
Then the rewards, and if in your approches
To those delights which are your owne, and freely
To heighten your desire, you make the passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you ?
Or blame your fondnesse ? Or can that swell me
Beyond my just proportion ?

Ubaldo. Aboue wonder !

Ladislaus. Heauen make me thankefull for such goodnesse.

Honoria. Now Sir,
The state I tooke to satisfie your pleasure
I change to this humility, and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancell,
And seate you in your owne.

Ladislaus. I am transported
Beyond my selfe.

Honoria. And now to your wife Lordship,
Am I prou'd a *Semiramus* ? or hath
My *Ninus*, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent th' excesse of fauour to me,
Which you call dorage ?

Ladislaus. Answere wretch.

Enbalus. I dare Sir,
And say how euer the euent may pleade
In your defence, you had a guilty cause ;
Nor was it wisedome in you (I repeate it)
To teach a Lady, humble in her selfe

With

The Picture.

With the ridiculous dotage of a louer
To be ambitious.

Honorius. Eubulus, I am so,
Tis rooted in me, you mistake my temper.
I do professe my selfe to be the most.
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hould
Command ouer my Lord, such a proud torrent
Would sincke me in my wishes; not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserue
And may with iustice challenge.

Eubulus. This I look'd for;
After this seeming humble ebbe I knew
A gushing tide would follow.

Honorius. By my birth,
And liberall giftes of nature, as of fortune,
From you, as things beneath me, I expect
What's due to maiesty, in which I am
A sharer with your soueraigne.

Eubulus. Good againe!

Honorius. And as I am most eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appeere so.

Ladiflau. You need not feare a riuall.

Honorius. I hope not;
And till I finde one, I disdaine to know
What enuie is.

Ladiflau. You are aboue it Madam.

Honorius. For beauty without art, discourse, and free
From affectation, with what graces else
Can in the wife and daughter of a King
Be wish'd, I dare prefer my selfe.

Eubulus. As I
Blush for you lady, trumpet your owne prayses?
This spoken by the people had beene heard
With honour to you; does the court afford
Nooyle-tongu'd parasite, that you are forc'd
To be your owne grosse flatterer?

D

Ladiflau.

The Picture.

Ladislaus. Bee dumbe,
Thou spirit of contradiction.

Honorius. The wolfe
But barkes against the Moone, and I contemne it.
The masque you promis'd.

A borne. Enter a Post.

Ladislaus. Let 'em enter. How !

Eubulus. Heere's one, I feare vnlook'd for.

Ladislaus. From the Campe ?

Post. The Generall victorious in your fortune,
Kisses your hand in this Sir.

Ladislaus. That great Power,
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battailes,
Be euer prais'd for't. Read sweet, and pertake it :
The Turke is vanquish'd, and with little losse
Vpon our part, in which our ioy is doubl'd.

Eubulus. But let it not exalt you, beare it Sir
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

Ladislaus. I vnderstand thee *Eubulus.* Ile not now
Enquire particulars. Our delights defer'red,
With reuerence to the Temples, there wee'l tender
Our Soules deuotions to his dread might,
Who edg'd our swords, and taught vs how to fight.

Exeunt omnes.

The end of the first Act.

The Picture.

Actus secundi, Scæna prima.

Enter Hilario, Corisca.

Hilario.

Y^Ou like my speech?

Corisca. Yes, if you give it action
In the deliuerie.

Hilario. If ? I pitte you.
I haue plaide the foole before, this is not the first time,
Nor shall be I hope the last.

Corisca. Nay I thinke so to.

Hilario. And if I put her not out of her dumps with laughter,
Ile make her howle for anger.

Corisca. Not too much
Of that good fellow Hilario. Our sad Lady
Hath dranke too often of that bitter cup,
A pleasant one must restore her. With what patience
Would she indure to heare of the death of my Lord,
That mereley out of doubt he may miscary
Afflicts her selfe thus ?

Hilario. Vm, 'tis a question
A widdow onely can resolute. There be some
That in their husbands sickneses haue wep'd
Their pottle of teares a day : but being once certaine
At midnight he was dead, haue in the morning
Dri'd vp their handkerchers, and thought no more on't.

Corisca. Tush, shee is none of that race, if her sorrow
Be not true and perfitt, I against my sex
Will take my oath woman ne're wep'd in earnest.
She has made her selfe a prisoner to her chamber,
Darke as a dungeon, in which no beame
Of comfort enters. She admits novisits;
Eates little, and her nightly musickie is
Of sighes and groanes tun'd to such harmonie

The Fidure.

Of feeling greefe, that I against my nature
Am made one of the consort. This houre onely
She takes the aire, a custome every day
She sollempnly obserues, with greedy hopes
From some that passe by to receiue assurance
Of the successe, and safety of her Lord :
Now if that your deuice will take

Hilario. Nere feare it :
I am prouided cap a pe, and haue
My properties in readinesse.

Sophia. Bring my vaile there.

Corisca. Be gone, I haire her comming.

Hilario. If I doe not
Appeare, and what's more, appeare perfir, hiff me.

Exit Hilario.

Enter Sophia.

Sophia. I was fatter'd once I was a Star, but now
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and like one
Hang in the aire betweene my hopes, and feares,
And euery howre the little stufc burnt out
That yeeldsa wanng light to dying comfort,
I doe expect my fall and certaine ruine.
In wretched things more wretched is delay,
And hope a parasite to me, being vnmasqu'd
Appeares more horrid then despaire, and my
Distraction worse then madnesse : eu'n my prayers
When with most zeale sent vpward, are pull'd downe,
With st:ong imaginary doubts and feares,
And in their suddaine precipice o'rewhelme me.
Dreames, and phantaſtical eviſions walke the round
About my widdowed bed, and euery slumber
Broken with lowd alarms : can these be them
But sad presages girle ?

Corisca. You mak 'em so,
And antedate a losse shall ne're fall on you.
Such pure affection, such mutuall loue,

A

The Picture.

A bed, and vndefil'd on either part,
A hoale without concetion, in two bodies
One will, and Soule like to the rod of concord,
Killing each other, cannot be short liu'd
Or end in barrenesse: if all these deare Madam
(Sweet in your fadnesse) should produce no fruite,
Or leaue the age no models of your selues,
To witnesse to posterity what you were
Succeeding timesfrighted with the example
But hearing of your story, would instruct
Their faireit issue to meeete sensually,
Like other creatures, and for bear e to raise
True loue, or *Himen* Altars.

Sophia. O *Corisca*,

I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes,
And they are built vpon a weake foundation,
To raise me comfort. Ten long dayes are past,
Ten long dayes my *Corisca*, since my Lord
Embarqu'd himse fe vpon a Sea of danger,
In his deare care of me. And if his life
Had not beene shipwrack'd on the rocke of war,
His tendernesse of me (knowing how much
I languish for his absence) had prouided
Some trusty friend from wohm I might receiue
Assurance of his safety.

Corisca. Ill newes Madam,
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walkes on crutches:
With patience expect it, and ere long
No doubt you shall heare from him.

A sowgelders horne blowne. A Poët.

Sophia. Ha! What's that?

Corisca. The foole has got a sowgelders horne
As I take it Madam.

Sophia. It makes this way still,
Neerer and neerer.

Corisca. From the Campe I hope.

The Picture.

Enter Hilario, with a long white hayre and beard, in an
anticke armour, one with a horne before him.

Sophia. The messenger appeares, and in strange armour.
Heauen if it be thy will!

Hilario. It is no boote
To striue, our horses tir'd let's walke on foot,
And that the Castle which is very neere vs,
To giue vs entertainment may soone heare vs,
Blow lustily my Lad, and drawing nigh a,
Aske for a Lady which is clep'd *Sophia*.

Corisca. He names you Madam.

Hilario. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in in armes, newes of a pretty thing,
By name *Mathias*.

Sophia. From my Lord? O Sir,
I am *Sophia*, that *Mathias* wife.
So may *Mars* fauour you in all your battailes,
As you with speede vnloade me of the burthen
I labour vnder, till I am confirm'd
Both where, and how you left him.

Hilario. If thou art
As I beleue, the pigs-ney of his heart,
Kuow hee's in health, and what's more full of glee,
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Sophia. Haue you no letters from him?

Hilario. No more words.
In the Campe we vse no pens, but write with swords:
Yet as I am inioyn'd, by word of mouth
I will proclaim his deeds from North to South.
But tremble not while I relate the wonder,
Though my eyes like lightningh shine, and my voyce thunder.

Sophia. This is some counterfeit bragart.

Corisca. Heare him Madam.
Hilario. The Reere march'd first, which follow'd by the Van,
And wing'd with the Battalia, no man

Durst

The Picture.

Durst stay to shift a shirt or louze himselfe;
Yet ere the armes ioyn'd, that hopefull else,
Thy deere my dainty duckling, bold *Mathias*
Aduanc'd, and star'd like *Hercules* or *Golias*.
A hundred thousand *Turkes*, it is no vaunt,
Affaid him, euery one a Termaugant,
But what did he then? with his keene edge speare
He cut, and Carbonadode 'em, heere, and there,
Lay leggs and armes, and as 'tis sayd truely
Of *Bevis*, some he quarter'd all in three.

Sophia. This is ridiculous.

Hilario. I must take breath
Then like a Nightingale i'le sing his death;

Sophia. His death?

Hilario. I am out.

Corisca. Recouer dunder-head.

Hilario. How he escap'd I should haue sung, not dide
For, though a knight, when I said so I lide
Weary he was, and scarce could stand vpright
And looking round for some courageous Knight
To reskue him, as one perplex'd in woe
He cald to me, helpe, helpe *Hilario*,
My valiant seruant helpe.

Corisca. He has spoyl'd all.

Sophia. Are you the man of armes then? ile make bold
To take of your martiall beard, you had fooles hayre
Enough without it. Slaue, how durst thou make
Thy sport of what concernes me more then life,
In such an anticke fashion? am I growne
Contemptible to those I feed? you mignion
Had a hand in it to ,as it appeares,
Your petticoate serues for bases to this warrior.

Corisca. We did it for your mirth.

Hilario. For my selfe I hope,
I haue spoke like a souldier.

Sophia. Hence you rascal.

The Picture.

I neuer but with reverence name my Lord
And can I heere it by thy tongue prophain'd
And not correct thy folly? but you are
Transform'd, and turnd Knight errant, take your course
And wander where you please, for heere I vow
By my Lords life (an oath I will not breake)
Till his retурne, or certainty of his safety,
My doores are shut against thee.

Exit Sophia.

Corisca. You haue made
A fine peece of worke on't: how do you like the quality?
You had a foolish itch to be an actor,
And may strowle where you please.

Hilario. Willy you buy my share?

Corisca. No certaintly, I feare I haue already
Too much of mine owne, I'le onely as a damsell
(As the booke's say): thus far helpe to disarme you,
And so deere *Don Quixote* taking my leaue,
I leaue you to your fortune.

Exit Corisca.

Hilario. Haue I sweate
My braines out for this quaint and rare inuention,
And am I thus rewarded? I could turne?
Tragedian, and rore now, but that I feare
Twould get me too great a stomacke hauing no meat
To pacifie *Colon*, what will become of me?
I cannot begge in armor, and steale I dare not:
My end must bee to stand in a corne feild
And fright away the crowes for bread, and cheese,
Or finde some hollow tree in the high way,
And there vntill my Lord retурne sell switches
No more *Hilario*, but *Dolorio* now.
Ile weape my eyes out, and bee blind of purpose
To moue compassion, and so I vanish,

Exit Hilario.

Actus

The Picture.

Actus secundi Scena secunda.

Enter Eubulus, Vbaldo, Ricardo, and others.

Eubulus. Are the gentlemen sent before as it was order'd
By the Kings direction to entertaine
The Generall?

Ricardo. Long since, they by this haue met him,
And giu'n him the beinvenue.

Eubulus. I hope I neede not
Instruct you in your parts.

Vbaldo. How I vs my Lord !
Feare not, we know our distances and degrees
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

Ricardo. The state were miserable if the Court had none
Of her owne breed, familiar with all garbes.
Gracious in *England, Italie, Spaine or France,*
With forme, and punctuallity to receiue
Stranger Embassadours. For the Generall
Hee's a meere natvie, and it matters not
Which way we doe accost him.

Vbaldo. 'Tis great pity
That such as sit at the helme prouide no better
For the tiraning vp of the Gentry. In my judgement
An Academie erected, with large pensions
To such as in a table could set downe
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,
Proper to euery Nation.

Ricardo. Oit were
An admirable piece of worke !

Vbaldo. And yet rich fooles
Throw away their charity on Hospitals
For beggers, and lame souldiers, and ne're study
The due rega d: to complement and court-ship,
Matters of more import, and are indeed
The glories of a Monarchie.

The Picture.

Eubulus. These no doubt
Are stale, points, gallants, I confess, but sure,
Our court needs no aydes this way, since it is
A schoole of nothing else: there are some of you
Whom I forbear to name, whose coyning heads
Are the mints of all new fashions, that haue donne
More hurt to the Kingdome by superfluous brauerie
Which the fooish gentry imitate then a war
Or a long faineue, all the treasure by
This foole excesse, is got into the marchants,
Emboiderers, silkemans, Iewellers, Taylors hand,
And the third part of the land to, the nobility
Ingrossing titles onely.

Ricardo. My lord you are bitter.

Enter a servant.

atrumper,

Ser. the Generall is alighted, and now entred.

Ricardo. Were he ten Generals I am prepar'd
And know what I will doe.

Eubulus. Pray you what *Ricardo*?

Ricardo. Ile fight at complement with him.

Ubaldo. Ile charge home to.

Eubulus. And that's a desperate seruice if you come off well.

Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, two captaينes.

Ferdinand. Captaine command the officeres to keepe
The souldier as he march'd in ranke and file
Till they heare farther from me.

Eubulus. Heer's one speaks
In another keye, this is no canting language
Taught in your Academie.

Ferdinand. Nay I will present you
To the King my selfe.

Mathias. A grace beyond my merit,

Ferdinand. You undervalew what I cannot set
Too high a price on,

Eubulus. With a friends true heart
I grataulate your returne.

Ferdinande.

The Picture.

Ferdinando. Next to the fauour
Of the great King I am happy in your friendship:

Ubaldo. By courtship, course on both sides,

Ferdinando. pray you receiue
This stranger to your knowledge, on my credit
At all parts hee deserues it.

Eubulus. Your report
Is a strong assurance to mee, sir most welcome

Mashias. This sayd by you, the reuerence of your age
Commands mee to beleue it.

Ricardo. this was pretty.
But second mee now, I cannot stoope too lowe
To doe your excellency that due obseruance
Your fortune claimes.

Eubulus. Hee nere thinks on his vertue.

Ricardo. For beeing, as you are, the soule of souldiers,
And bulwarke of Bellona,

Ubaldo. The protection
Both of the court and King.

Ricardo. and the sole mignion
Of mighty Mars

Ubaldo. One that with iustice may
Increase the number of the worthies.

Eubulus. hoye day.
Ricardo. It beeing impossible in my armes to circle
Such giant worth.

Ubaldo. At distance wee presume
To kisse your honored gauntlet.

Eubulus. What replie now
Can he make to this fopperie?

Ferdinand. You haue sayd
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done soe little,
That 't ill I learne to speake, and you to doe:
I must tak time to thankeyou.

Eubulus. As I liue
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now!

The Picture.

Ricardo. This was harsh, and scuruiie.

Ubaldo. We will be reueng'd

When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.

Eubulus. Nay doe your offices gentlemen, and conduct
The Generall to the presence.

Ricardo. Keepe your order.

Ubaldo. Make way for the Generall.

Exeunt omnes preter Eubulum.

Eubulus. What wise man
That with iudicious eyes lookes one a souldier
But must confesse that fortunes swiage is more
Ore that profession, then all kinds else
Of life purfu'd by man, they in a state
Are but as chirurgions to wounded men
Euendesperate in their hopes, while paine and anguisha
Make them blasphemie, and call in vaine for death ;
Their wiues and children kisse the chirurgions knees
Promise him mountaines, if his saning hand
Restore the tortur'd wretch to foriner strength.
But when grimame death by *Aesculapius* art
Is fighited from the house, and health appears
In sanguin colou's on the sicke mans face,
All is forgot, and asking his reward
Hee's payd with curses, often receaues wounds
From him whose woundes hee curde, so souldiers
Though of more worth and vse, meeete the same fate,
As it is too apparent, I haue obseru'd
In one hue.

When horrid Mars the touch of whose rough hand
With Palsies shakes a kingdome, hath put ou
His dreadfull Helmet, and with terror fills
The place where helike an vnwelcome guest
Resolute to reuell, how the Lords of her, like
The tradesman, marchant, and litigious pleader
(And such like *Scarabes* bred'ith dung of peace)
In hope of their protection humbly offer

Their

The Picture.

Their daughters to their beds, heires to their service,
And wash with teares, their sweate their dast, their scars,
But when those clouds of war that menaced
A bloody deuge to th' affighted state,
Aie by their brath dispers'd, and ouer blowne,
And famine, bloud, and death Bellona's pages
Whip'd from the quiet continent to Thrace
Souldiers, that like the foolish hedge sparrow
To their owne ruine hatch this Cuckow peace,
Are straight thought burdensome, Since want of meanes
Growing from want of action breeds contempt,
And that the worst of ills fall to their lot
Their scruice with the danger soone forgot.

Enter a servant.

Ser. The Queene, my Lord, hath made choyce of this roome
To see the masque.

Eubulus. Ile be looker on
My dancing dayes are past.

*Loud musicke as they passe, a song in the praise of war, y^r baldo,
Ricardo, Ladislus, Ferdinand, and Honorius, Mathias,
Silua, Acanthe, Baptista, and others.*

Ladislus. This courtesie
To a stranger My *Honorius*, keepe faire ranke
With all your rarities, after your trauaile
Looke on our court delights; but first from your
Relation, with ere^{ted} eares i'll heare
The musicke of your war which mast be sweet
Ending in victory.

Ferdinand. Not to trouble
Your maesties with description of a battaile
To full of horror for the place, and to
Avoyd particulers which I should deliuer
I must trench longer on your pacience then
My manner will gieue way to, in a word sir

The Picture.

It was well fought on both sides, and almost
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtfull
Upon whose tents plumb'd victory would take
Her glorious stands, impatient of delay
With the flower of our prime gentlemen I charg'd
Their maine Bactalia, and with their assistance
Brake in, but when I was almost assur'd
That they were routed, by a *Stratagem*
Of the subtil *Turke*, who opening his grosse body,
And ralyng vp his troopes on either side,
I found my selfe so far *ingag'd* (for I
Must not conceale my errors) that I knew not
Which way with honor to come off.

Enbulus. I like
A Generall that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to ingrosse vnto himselfe
All honour as some haue, in which with iustice
They could not claime a share.

Ferdinand. Being thus hem'd in
Their Cimitar's [rag'd among vs, and my horse
Kil'd vnder me, I every minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could fashion to me, circl'd thus
With death and horror, as one sent from heauen
This man of men with some choise horse that follow'd
His braue examp'e, did pursue the tract
His sword cut for'em, and but that I see him,
Already blush to heare what he being present,
I know would wish vnspeaken, I should say sir
By what hee did, we bouldly may beleue
All that is writ of *Hector*.

Mathias. Generall
Pray spare these strange Hyperboles.

Enbulus. Do not blush
To heare a truth, heere are a payre of Monfiuers
Had they beeene in your place would haue run away

And

The Picture.

And nere chang'd countenance.

Wbaldo. We haue your good word still.

Eubulus. And shall while you deserue it.

Ladislaus. Silence, on.

Ferdinand. He as I sayd, like dreadfull lightning throwne
From Iupiters shield dispersd the armed Gire
With which I was enuirond horse and man,
Shruncke vnder his strong arme more with his lookes
Frighted, the valiant fled with which encourag'd
My souldiers (like young Eglets praying vnder
The wings of their fierce dame) as if from him
They tooke both spirit, and fire brauely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspir'd
With treble courage, and such as fled before
Bouldly made head againe, and to confirme 'em
It suddainely was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours, each souldier and commander
Performd his part, but this was the great wheele
By which the lesser mou'd, and all rewards
And signes of honour, as the *Cinickē* garland,
The murall wreath, the enemies prime horse,
With the Generals sword, and armour (the old honors
With which the Roman crowne their seueral leaders)
To him alone are proper.

Ladislaus. And they shall
Deseruedly fall on him, sir, tis our pleasure,

Ferdinand. Which I must serue, not argue,

Honoraria. You are a stranger,
But in your seruice for the King, a natuie.
And thougha free *Q* ueene, I am bound in duty
To cherish vertue wheresoere I find it:

This place is yours.

Mathias. It were presumption in me
To sit so neere you.

Honoraria. Not hauing our warrant

Ladislaus. Let the masquers enter by the preparation

The Picture.

Tis a French brawle, an apish imitation
Of what you really performe in battaile,
And *Pallas* bound vp in a little volume
Apollo with his lute attending on her
Serue for the induction.

Song and dance :

*Enter the two Boyes, one with his Lute, the other like Pallas, A
song in the prayse of souldiers, especially being victo-
rious : the song ended the King goes on.*

Song by *Pallas*.

Though we contemplate to expresse
The glory of your happiness,
That by your powerfull arme haue binne
So true a villor, that no sinne
Could ever taunt you with a blame
To lessen your deserved fame.

Or though we contend to set
Your worth in the full height, or get
Calestiall singers (crownd with bayes
With florishes to dresse your praise)
You know your conquest, but your story
Lives in your triumphant glory.

Ladislaus. Our thanks to all
To the banquet that's prepar'd to entertaine'em,
What would my best *Honoris*?

Honoris. May it please
My King that I who by his suffrage euer
Haue had power to command, may now intreat
An honor from him. *

Ladislaus. Why should you desire

Wha

The Picture.

What is your owne, what ere it be you are
The misris of it.

Honoraria. I am happy in
Your grant: my sute sir is, that your commanders
Especially this stranger, may as I
In my discretion shall thinke good, receiue
What's due to their deserts.

Ladislaus. What you determine
Shall know no alteration.

Eubulus. The souldier
Is like to haue good vsage when he depends
Vpon her pleasure? are all the men so bad
That to giue satisfaction we must
A woman threasourer, heauen helpe all.

Honoraria. With you sir
I will begin, and as in my esteeme
You are most eminent expect to haue,
What's fit for me to giue, and you to take;
Thefaour in the quicke dispatch being double
Goe fetch my casket, and with speed.

Eubulus. The Kingdome *Exit Acanthe.*
Is very bare of mony: when rewards
Issue from the Queenes iewell house, giue him gold
And store, no question the gentleman wants it.
Good Madam what shall he doe with a hoop ring,
And a spake of diamond in it, though you tooke it

Enter Acanthe.
For the greater honor from your maiesties finger,
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase
Rich suites, the gay comparison of court-shipp,
Reuell, and feast, which the war ended is
A souldiers glory, and tis fit that way
Your bountie should prouide for him

Honoraria. You are rude,
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.
What I will doe now, shall be worth the enuie

The Picture.

Of Cleopatra open it, see heere
The Lapidates Idol gold is trash
And a poore salarye fit for gromes, weare these
As studded stars in your armour, and make the Sun
Looke dimme with icelonsie of a greater light
Then his beames guild the day with: when it is
Expof'd to view, call it Honoria's guift,
The Queene Honoria's guift that loues a soulder,
And to giue ornament, and lustre to him
Parts frely with her owne, yet not to take
From the magnificence of the King, I will
Dispence his bounty to but as a page
To wait on mine, for other tosles take
A hundred thousand crownes, your hand deere sir,
And this shall be thy warrant. *Takes of the Kings signes.*

Eubulus. I perceue

I was cheated in this woman now she is
I th' giruing veine to fouldiers, let her be proud
And the King dote, soe she goe on, I care not

Honoria. This done, our pleasure is that all arrearages
Bepayd into the Capraines, and their troopes
With a large donatiue to increase their Zeale
For the seruice of the kingdome.

Eubulus. Better still,
Let men of armes be vsd thus, if they do not
Charge desperately vpon the Cannons mouth
Though the Diuell ror'd, and fight like dragons, hang me.
Now they may drinke sacke, but small beere, with a pasport
To begge with as they trauaile, and no money,
Turnes their red blood to buttermilke.

Honoria. Are you pleaf'd sir
With what I haue done?

Ladiflans. Yes, and thus confirme it,
With this addition of mine owne, you haue sir
From our lou'd Queene receaued some recompence
For your life hazarded in the late action,

And

The Picture.

And that we may follow her great example
In cherishing valor without limit, aske
What you from vs can wish

Mashias. If it be true,
Dread sir as 'tis asfis md, that every soyle
Where he is well, is to a valiant man
His naturall country, reason may assure me
I shoud fix heere, where blessings beyond hope
From you the springlike riuers flow vnto me.
If wealth were my ambition, by the Queene
I am made rich already, to the amazement
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
The story of her bounty, if to spend
The remnant of my life in deedes of armes
No region is more fertill of good knyghtes
from whom my knowledg that way may be betterd
Then this your warlike Hungary; if favour,
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant
Far far beyond my merrit, I may make
In yours a free election, but alas sir
I am not mine owne, but by my destiny
(Whch i cannot eschew) forc'd to prefer
My countreys smoke before the gloriouse fire
With which your bounties warme me all I aske sir
Though I cannot be ignorant it must rellish
Of soule ingratitude is your gracious licence
For my departure.

Ludiflans. Whether?

Mashias. To my owne home sir
My owne poore home, which will at my returne
Grow rich by your magnificencie, I am heere
But a body without a soule, and till I finde it
In the embraces of my constant wife, & to set of that constancy
in her beauty and matchlesse excellencies without a riuall
I am but halfe my selfe.

Honorina. And is she then
So chaste, and faire as you infer?

The Picture.

Mathias. O Madam

Thoug it must argue weakenes in a rich man
To show his gold before an armed thiefe,
And I in prayng of my wife, but feed,
The fire of lust in others to attempt her,
Such is my full sayld confidence in her vertue
Though in my absence She were now besieg'd
By a strong army of lasciuious wooers,
And euery one more expert in his art,
Then tholde that tempted chaste *Penelope*,
Though they raisd batteries by Prodigall guifts,
By admorous letters, vowes made for her seruice
With all the *Engins* wanton appetite
Could mo int to shake the fortresse of her honor,
Heere, heere is my assurance she ho'des out

kill the picture.

And is impregnable,

Honorius. What's that?

Mathias. Her faire figure.

Ladislaus. As I liue an excellent face!

Honorius. You haue seene a better.

Ladislaus. I euer except yours, nay frowne not sweetest,
The Cyprian Queene compard to you, in my
Opinion is a *Negro*, as you orderd
I'll see the souldier payd, and in my absence
Pray you vse your powerfull arguments to stay
This gentlenian in our seruice.

Honorius. I will doe
My parts.

Ladislaus. On to the campe.

Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptista, Captaines.

Honorius. I am full of thoughts.
And something there is heere I must giue forme to
Though yet an *Embrion*, you *Signiers*
Have no businesse with the souldier, as I take it,

You

The Picture.

You are for other warfare, quit the place,
But be within call.

Ricardo. Implyoment on my life boy.

Ubaldo. If it lie in our road we are made foreuer.

Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Honoraria. You may perceiue the King is no way tainted
With the disease of iealousie, since he leaues mee
Thus priuate with you.

Mathias. It were in him Madam
A sinne vnpardonable to distrust such purenesse,
Though I were an *Adonis*.

Honoraria. I presume
He neither does, nor dares : and yet the story
Deliuered of youby the Generall
With your *Herc'lk* courage (which siackes deeply
Into a knowing womans heart) besides
Your promising presence might beget some scruple,
In a meaner man, but more of this heereafter
I'll take another Theme now and coniure you
By the honors you haue woone, and by the loue
Sacred to your deere wife, to answere truely
To what I shall demand.

Mathias. You need not vse
Charmes to this purpose Madam.

Honoraria. Tell me then
Being your selfe assur'd 'tis not in man
To fully with one sport th'immaculate whitenes
Of your wifes honor, if you haue not since
The Gordion of your loue was tide by marriage
Playd false with her?

Mathias. By the hopes of mercy neuer.

Honoraria. It may be, not frequenting the conuerse
Of handsome ladies, you were neuer tempted
And so your faith's vntride yet.

Mathias. Surely Madam,
I am no woman hater, I haue beene,

The Picture.

Received to the society of the best,
And fairest of our climate, and haue met with
No common entertainment, yet ne're felt
The least heat that way,

Honorio. Strange; and doe you thinke still
The earth can shew no beauty that can drench
In *Lethe* all remembranee of the fauour
Your now beare to your owne?

Mathias. Nature must find out
Some other mold to fashon a new creature
Fairer then her *Pandora*, ere I prove
Guilty or in my wishes, or my thoughts,
To my *Sophia*.

Honorio. Sir consider better
Not one in our whole sex?

Mathias. I am constant to
My resolution.

Honorio. But dare you stand
The oposition, and bind your selfe
By oath for the performance?

Mathias. My faith else
Had but a weake foundation.

Honorio. I take hold
Upon your promise, and inioyfe your stay
For one month heere

Mathias. I am caught.

Honorio. And if I do not
Produce a lady in that time that shall
Make you confess your error I submit
My selfe to any penualtie you shall please
To impose vpon me, in the meane space write
To your chaste wife, acquainte her with your fortune
The iewells that were mine you may send to her,
For better confirmation, I'll prouide you
Of trusty messengers, but how far distant is she?

Mathias. A dayes hard riding.

Honorio.

The Picture.

Honoraria. There's no retiring
I'll bind you to your word.

Mathias. Wel since there is,
Noe way to shun it I will stand the hazard
And instantly make ready my dispatch
Till then, I'll leave your majesty.

Exit Mathias.

Honoraria. How I burst
With enuie that there lies besides my selfe
One faire, and loyall woman, 'twas the end
Of my ambition to be recorded
The onely wonder of the age, and shall I
Gine way to a competitor? nay more
To adde to my affliction, the assurances
That I placed in my beautie haue deceau'd me
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring
All hearts to my subiection, but this stranger
Vnmeoud a rockes contemnes me, but I cannot
Sit downe so with my honor, I will gaine
A doable victory by working him
To my desire, and tainte her in her honor
Or loose my selfe, I haue read that sometime poys
Is vsetfull, to supplant her ile imploy
With any colt *v baldo*, and *Ricardo*
Two noted courtiers of approued cunning
In all the windings of lusty labirinthe,
And in corrupting him I will out goe
Neros *Poppaea*, if he shut his eares,
Against my Siren notes, he boldly tweare
Vlysses lives agayne, or that I haue found
A frozen Cynike, cold in spite of all
Allurements, one, whoni beauty cannot mone
Nor softest blandishments entice to loue.

Exit Honoraria.

The end of the second Act.

The Picture.

Actus tertij, Scæna prima.

Enter Hilario.

Hinne, Thinne, prouision, I am dieted
Like one set to watch hawkes, and to keepe me wakyngh
My croaking guts make a perpetuall larum,
Heere I stand centinell, and though I fright
Beggars from my ladies gate, in hope to haue
A greater share I find my commons mend not.
I looke this morning in my glasse the riuere
And there appeard a fish cald a poore Iohn
Cut with a lente face in my owne likenesse,
And it seemd to speake and say goodmorrow couesen :
No man comes this way but has a fling at me,
A chirurgeon passing by ask'd at what rate,
I would sell my selfe, I answered for what vse ?
To make sayd he a lineing Anatomy
And set thee vp in our hall, for thou art transparent
Without dissencion, and indeede he had reason,
For I am scoud with this poore purge to nothing.
They say that hunger dwels in the campe, but till
My Lord returnes, or certaine tidings of him
He will not part with me, but sorrowes drie
And I must drinke howlouer.

Guide. That is her castle

Enter Ubaldo, and Ricardo, Guide.
Upon my certaine knowledge.

Ubaldo. Our horses held out
To my desire : I am a fire to beat it.

Ricardo. Take the iades for thy reward, before I part hence,
I hope to be better carried, giue me the Cabinet.
Soe leauue vs now

Guide. Good fortune to you Gallants.

Exit Guide.
Ubaldo,

The Picture.

Ubaldo. Being ioynt Agents in a designe of trust to
For the seruice of the **Q**ueene, and our owne pleasure,
Let vs proceed with iudgement.

Ricardo. If I take not
This fort at the first assault, make me an Euenuche,
So I may haue preecedence.

Ubaldo. On no termes.
Weare both to play one prize he that workes best
I'the searching this mine shall carry it
Without contention.

Ricardo. Make you your aproaches
As I directed

Ubaldo. I need no instruction
I worke not on your anuile, I'll giue fire
With my owne linstocke, if the powder be dancke
The Diuell rend the touch-hole. Who haue we heere?
What thelliton's this?

Ricardo. A ghost! or the image of famine!
Where doest thou dwell?

Hilario. Dwell sir? my dwelling is
I'th high way, that goodly house was once
My habitation, but I am banished.
And cannot be cald home 'till newes arriue
Of the good knight *Mathias*.

Ricardo. If that will
Restore thee thou art safe

Ubaldo. We come from him
With presents to his Lady.

Hilario. But are you sure
Hee is in health?

Ricardo. Neuer so well, conduct vs
To the lady.

Hilario. Though a poore snake I will leape
Out of my skine for ioy, breake picher breake,
And wallet late my cubbard I bequeath thee
To the next begger, thou red herring swimme

The Picture.

To the red sea againe me thinckes I am already
Knuckle deepe in the flesh portts, and though waking, dreams
Of wine and plenty.

Ricardo. What's the misery
Of this strange passion?

Hilario. My belly gentlemen,
Will not geue me leue to tell you, when *I* haue brought you
To my ladies presence I am disenchanted,
There you shall shall know all follow if *I* outstrip you
know I run for my belly.

Ubaldo. A mad fellow.

Exeunt. 3

Actus tertij, Scena secunda.

Enter Sophia Corisca.

Sophia. Do not againe delude me.

Corisca. If I doe, send me a grafting with my fellow *Hilario*,
I stood as you commanded in the turret
Obseruing all that pas'd by, a and euen now
I did differne a payre of Caualiers
For such their outside spoke them with their guide
Dismounting from their horses, they said something
To our hungry Centinell that made him caper
And frish'ith ayre for ioy, and to confirme this
See Madam they in view.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hilario. Newes from my Lord?
Tidings of ioy, these are no counterfaites,
But Knights indeed, deere Madam signe my pardon
That *I* may feed againe, and picke vp my crummes
I haue had a long fast of it,

Sophia. Eat, *I* forgiue thee.

Hilario. O comfortable wordes; eat *I* forgiue thee

And

The Picture.

And if in this *I* doe not soone obey you
And ramne in to the purpose billet me againe
I the high way, butler and Cooke be ready
For *I* enter like a tyrant.

Exit Hilario.

Ubaldo. Since mine eies
Were never happy in soe sweete an obiect,
Without eniury *I* presume you are
The ladie of the house, and so salute you.

Ricardo. This letter with these jewelz from your Lord
Warrant my boldnes Madam.

Ubaldo. in being a seruant
To such rare beauty you must needes deserue
This courtesie from a stranger.

Ricardo. You are still
Before hand with me, pretty one *I* descend
To take the height of your lippe, and if *I* miss
In the altitude heereafter if you please
I will make vse of my Jacobs staffe,

Sophia haning in the interime redd the letter
and gend the Casket.

Corisca. These gentlemen
Haue certaintely had good breeding, as it appeares
By their neat kissing, they hit me so bat on the lipps
At the first sight.

Sophia. Heaven in thy mercy make mee
Thy thankfull handmaid for this boundles blessing
In thy goodnesse showr'd vpon me.

Ubaldo. I do not like
This simple deuotion in her it is seldom
Practis'd among my mistresses.

Ricardo. Or mine
Would they kneele to *I* know not who for the possession
Of such inestimable wealth before
They thank'd the bringers of it? the poore lady
Does want instruction, but *I*'ll be her tutor

I be Picture.

And read her another lesson.

Sophia. If I haue
Showne want of manners, gentlemen in my showes
To pay the thankes I owe you for your traualle
To doe my Lord, and me (howere vnworthy
Of such a benifit) this noble fauour
Imputc it in your clemencie to the excesse
Of ioy that ouer whelm'd me.

Ricardo. She speakes well

Ubaldo. Polite, and courtly.

Sophia. And howere it may
Increase th' offence to trouble you with more
Demandes touching my Lord, before I haue
Inuited you to rest, such as the courfenesse
Of my poore house can offer, pray you conuinc
On my weake tendernesse though I in-reate
To learne from you something hee hath it may bee
In his letter left vnmention'd.

Ricardo. I can onely
Giue you assurance that he is in health,
Grac'd by the King, and Queene

Ubaldo. And in the court
With admiracion look'd on,

Ricardo. You must therefore
Put off these widdowes garments, and appeere
Like to your selfe.

Ubaldo. And enrichtaine all pleasures
Your fortunes markes out for you.

Ricardo. There are other
Particular priuacies which on occasion
I will deliuier to you.

Sophia. You oblige me
To your seruice euer.

Ricardo. Good ! your seruice, marke that.

Sophia. In the meane time by your good acceptance make
My rusticke entertainement relish of

The

The Picture.

The curiousnesse of the court.

Ubaldo. Your lookes sweete Madam
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

Sophia. It shall be
Such in the freedome of my will to please you.
I'll show you the way; this is to great an honor
From such braue ghefts to me so meane an hostesse.

Exeunt.

Actus tertij. Scenaprima.

Enter Acanthe, two, fower, or fife with wizards.

Acanthe. You know your charge, giue it action, and expect
Rewards beyond your hopes.

1. If we but eye 'em,
They are ours I warrant you.
2. May we not aske why
We are put vpon this?

Acanthe. Let that stop your mouth,
And learne more manners groome, tis vpon the hower
In which they vse to walke heere, when you haue 'em,
In your power, with violence carry them to the place
Where I appointed, there I will expect you,
Be bold, and carefull.

Exit Acanthe.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

1. These are they.
2. Are you sure?
1. Am I sure I am my selfe?
2. Cease on him strongly, If he haue but meant
To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we finart fort.
Take all aduantages.

Mathias. I cannot guesse
What her intents are, but her carriage was
As I but now related.

The Picture.

Baptista. Your assurance
In the constancie of your lady is the armor
That must defend you, whers the picture?

Mathias. Heere.
And no way alter'd
Baptista. If she be not perfit,

There is no truth in art.

Mathias. By this I hope
She hath receiu'd my letters.

Baptista. Without question
These courtiers are rancke riders, when they are
To visit a handsome lady.

Mathias. Lend me your eare.
One peece of her entertainment will require
Your dearest priuacy.

i. Now they stand faire
Vpon 'em.

Mathias. Villaines.

i. Stop their mouths, we come not
To trie your values, kill him if he offer,
To open his mouth, we haue you, tis in vaine
To make resistance, amount 'em and a way.

Exprent.

Actus tertij, Scena quarta.

*Enter seruants with lights; Ladislaus, Ferdinand,
Eubulus.*

Ladislaus. 'Tis late go to your rest, but doe not envy
The happiness I draw neare to.

Eubulus. If you inioy it.
The moderate way the sport yeelds I confess
A pretty titillation, but to much oft
will bring you on your knees, in my yonger daies
I was my selfe a gamster, and I found

By

The Picture.

By a sad experience, there is no such foker
As a yonger sponge wife, she keepes a thousand
Horseleches in her box, and the thieues will sucke out
Both bloud, and marrow, I feele a kind of crampe
In my ioynts when I thinke o'nt, but it may bee Queenes
And such a Queene as yours is, has the art

Ferdinand. You take leaue
To talke my Lord.

Ladislans. He may since he can do nothing
Enbnu. If you spend this way to much of your royll stock
Ere long we may be puefellowes.

Ladislans. The doore shut,
Knocke gentle, harder. So, heere comes her woman,
Take of my gowne.

Enter Acanthe.

Acanthe. My Lord, the Queene by me
This night desires your pardon,

Ladislans. How *Acanthe*!
I come by her appointment 'twas her grant
The motion was her owne

Acanthe. It may be fir
But by her Doctors Since she is aduif'd
For her health sake to forbear.

Enbnu. I do not like
This phisicall lecherie, the old downe right way
Is worth a thousand out.

¶ *Ladislans.* Prethe *Acanthe*.
Meditate for me.

Enbnu. O the fiends of hell
Would any man bribe his seruant to make way
To his owne wife, if this be the court state
Shame fall on such as vse it.

Acanthe. By this iewell
This night I dare not moue her, but to morrow
I will watch all occasion

Ladislans. Take this

The Picture.

To be mindfull of me

Exit Acanthe.

Eubulus. Slight, I thought a king
Might haue tooke vp any woman at the Kings Price
And might he buy his owne at a deerer rate
Then a stranger in a brothell?

Ladiflans. What is that
You mutter sir?

Eubulus. No treason to your honor
I'll speake it out though it anger y^eou, if you pay for
Your lawfull pleasure in some kinde great sir
What do you make the *Queene*, cannot you clicket
Without a fee? or when she has a suit for you to grant?

Ferdinando. O hold sir.

Ladiflans. Off with his head.

Eubu. Do when you please, you but blow out a taper
That would light your vnderstanding, and in care of t
Is burnt downe to the socket, be as you are sir
An absolute monarch, it did shew more Kinglike
In those libidinous Cæsars that compeld
Matrous, and virgins of all rankes to bow
Vnto their ratenous lusts, and did admit
Of more excuse then I can vrge for you,
That flau your selfe to th'imperious humor
Of a proud beauty.

Ladiflans. Out of my sight.

Eubulus. I will sir
Gine way to your furious passion, but when reason
Hath got the better of it I much hope
The coursaile that offends now, will deserue
Your royll thankes, tranquillity of mind
Stay with you sir, I do begin to doubt
Ther's something more in the *Queenes* strangnes, then
Is yet disclosd, and i'll find it out
Or loose my selfe in the serch.

Ferdinand. Sure He is honest,

et cetera

And

The Picture.

And from your infancy ha: h truely seru'd you
Let that plead for him and impute this harshnes
To the frowardnes of his age.

Ladislaus. I am much troubled
And do begin to stagger, *Ferdinand* good night
To morrow visit vs, backe to our owne lodgings.

Exeunt.

Actus tertii, Scena quinta.

Enter Acanthe, the vizarded seruantes, Mathias, Baptista.

Acanthe. You haue donne brauely, locke this ~~is~~ that roome,
There let him ruminante, I'll anon vnhood him. *they carry*
The other must stay heere, as soone as I *of Baptista*
Haue quit the place give him the liberty,
And vfe of his eies, that donie disperse your felues
As priuately as you can, but on your liues
No word of what hath pas'd.

Exit Acanthe.

2. If I doe, sell
My tongue to a tripe wife, come vnbond his armes,
You are now at your owne disposure and howeuer
We vs'd you roughly, I hope you will find heere
Such entertainment, as will give you cause
To thanke vs for the seruice, and so I leaue you,

Exeunt seruantes.

Mathias. If I am in a prison'tis a neat one,
What O edipus can resolute this riddle? Ha!
I neuer gaue just cause to any man
Basely to plot against my life, but what is
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer
More then my selfe.

Acanthe. Remove that idleseare
Hee's safe as you are.

Mathias. Whoso'ere thou art
For him I thanke thee, I cannot imagine
Where I should be, thought I haue read the table.

•AMB!L aqL

Or errant knighthood, stuff'd, with the relations
Of magicall enchantments, yet I am not
So softishly credulous, to beleue the diuell
Hath that way power, Ha? musick e?

Musick above, a song of pleasure.

*The blushing rose and purple flower,
Let grow to long are soonest blasted:
Dainty fruities, though sweete, will fower
And rot in ripenes, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweete then these
The more you tast, the more she' l please.*

*Beauty shought incloſd with ice,
Is A shadow chaff as rare,
Then how much shose sweete's intice.
That haue issue full as faire,
Earth cannot yeeld from all her powers
One equall, for Dame Venus bowers.*

A song too, certainly be it he, or she
That owes this voyce, it hath not bene acquainted
With much afflition, whosore you are
That doe inhabit heere, if you haue bodies
And are not mere aeriall formes appeare

Enter Honoria.

And makeme know your end with me, most strange
What haue I cojur'd vp? sure if this be,
A spirit 'tis no dam'd one what a shapes heere;
Then with what maiestie it moves. If *Inno*
Were now to keepe her state among the Gods,
And *Heroules* to be made againe her ghelt
She could not put on a more glorious habit
Though her handmaid *Iris* lent her va ious colours
Or quid *Oceannus* rauished from the deepe

All

The Picture.

All iewels shipwrack'd in it, as you haue
Thus far made knowne your selfe, if that your face
Haue not too much diuinity about it
For mortall eies to gaze on, perfitt what
You haue begun with wonder, and amazement
To my ashonish'd senses, how the Queene! *kneels*
she puls of her masque.

Honorius. Rise sir, and heare my reasons in defence
Of the rape for so you may conceaue, which I
By my instruments made vpon you, you perhaps
May thinke, what you haue suffer'd for my lust
Is a common practise with me, but I call
Those euer shining lamps, and their great maker
As witnesses of my inocence, I ne're look'd on
A man but your best selfe, on whom I euer
(Except the King) vouchsaf'd an eie of fauour

Mashias. The King indeed, and onely such a King
Deserues your rarities Madam, and but hee
'Twere gyant like ambition in any
In his wishes onely to presume to tast
The nectar of your kisles; or to feed
His appetite with that ambrosia, due
And proper to a prince, and what bind mores
A lawfull husband, for my selfe great Queene
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
All merit, that can rayse me higher then
In my most humble thankefulnes for your bountie
To hazard my life for you, and that way
I am most ambitious.

Honorius. I desire no more
Then what you promise, if you dare expose
Your life as you profess to doe me seruice,
How can it better be employd, then in
Preseruing mine? which onely you can doe.
And must doe with the danger of your owne.

The Picture.

A desperate danger to, if priuate men
Can brooke no riuals in what they affect
But to the death pursue such as inuade
What law makes their inheritance, the King
To whom you know I am deerer then his crowne
His health his eies his after-hopes with all
His present blessings must fall on that man
Like dreadfull lightning that is won by prayers,
Threates, or rewards to staine his bed, or make
His hop'd for issue doubtfull.

Mathias. If you aime
At what I more then feare you doe, the reasons
Which you deliuer should in iudgement rather
Deter me, then invite a grant, with my
Aflured ruine.

Honorius. True if that you were
Of a cold temper one whom doubt, or feare,
In the most horrid formes they could put on
Might teach to be ingratefull, your deniall
To me, that haue deseru'd so much, is more
If it can haue addition.

Mathias. I know not
What your commandes are.

Honorius. Haue you fought so well
Among arm'd men, yet canuo't gheffe what lists
You are to enter when you are in priuate
With a willingly ladie, one, that to inioye
Your company this night deni'd the King
Accessse, to what's his owne, if you will preffe me
To speake in playner language.

Mathias. Pray you forbear,
I would I did not understand too much
Already, by yo'r words I am instructed
To credite that, which net confirmd by you,
Had bred suspition in me of vntrath
Though an Angell had affirm'd it, but suppose

That

The Picture.

That cloyd with happines (which is euer builte
On vrtuous chastity, in the wantonnesse
Of appetite, you desire to make triall
Of the false delights propos'd by vicious lust :
Among ten thousand eury way moreable
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience being your subiects, why shoud you
Make choice of me a stranger ?

Honorius. Though yet reason
Was nere admittid in the court of loue,
I'll yeeld you one vnswerable, as I vrg'd
In our last priuate conference, you haue
A pretty promising presence, but there are
Many in limbes, and feature who may take
That way the right hand file of you, besides
Your May of youth is paſ'd, and the blood spent
By woundes, though brauely taken, render you
Disablid for loues seruice, and that valour
Set off with better fortune, which it may be
Swels you aboue your boundes, is not the hooke
That hath caught me good sir I need no champion
With his sword to guard my honor, or my beauty,
In both I can defend my ſelfe, and liue
My owne protection.

Mathias. If theſe aduocates
The best that can plead for me, haue no power ?
What can you find in me elfe, that may tempt you
With irrecouerable losse vnto your ſelfe
To be a gayner from me ?

Honorius. You haue Sir
A iewell of ſuch matchleſſe worth and luſtre,
As does diſdaine comparison, and darknes
All that is rare in other men, and that
I muſt or win, or leſſen.

Mathias. You heape more
Amazement on me, what am I poſſeſ'd of

The Picture.

That you can couet? make me vnderstandit,
If it haue a name?

Honoraria. Yes an imagin'd one,
But is in substance nothing, being a garment
Worne out of fashion, and long since giuen ore
By the court and country, tis your loyalty,
And constancy to your wife, 'tis that I dote on,
And does deserue my enuy, and that iewell
Or by faire play, or foule, I must winne from you.

Mathias. These are mere contraries, if you loue me Madam
For my constancy, why seeke yo to destroy it?
In my keeping it preserue me worth your fauour,
Or if it be a iewell of that value,
As you with labour'd rhetorick would perswad me
What can you stake against it?

Honoraria. A Queenes fame,
And equall honor.

Mathias. So whoeuer wins
Both shall be losers.

Honoraria. That is that I aime at
Yet on the by I lay my youth, my beauty
This moist palme, this soft lippe, and those delights
Darkenesse should onely iudge of, do you find 'em
Infectious in the tryall, that you start
Asfrighted with their touch?

Mathias. Is it in man
To resist such strong temptations?

Honoraria. He begins
To wauer.

Mathias. Madam as you are gracious
Grant this short nights deliberation to me,
And with the rising sun from me you shall
Receiue full satisfaction.

Honoraria. Though extreames
Hate all delay, I will denie you nothing,
This key will bring you to your friend you are safe both

And

The Picture.

And a'l things vsefull that could be prepar'd
For one I loue and honor waite vpon you,
Take coursaile of your pillow, such a fortune
(As with affections swiftest wings flies to you
Will not be often tendred.

Exit Honoria.

Mathias. How my blood
Rebels ! I now could call her backe and yet
Ther's something stayes me, if the King had tenderd
Such fauours to my wife 'tis to be doubted
They had not bene refus'd, but being a man
I should not yeld first, or proue an example
For her defence of fraylty, by this sans question
She's tempted too, and heere I may examine

looke on the picture.

How shee holds out, she's still the same, the same
Pure Christal rocke of chastity perish all
Allurements that may alter me, the snow
Oþher sweete coldnes, hath extinguished quite
The fire that but euen now began to flame !
And I by her confirm'd, rewards, nor titles,
Nor certaine deaþ from the refused Queen
Shall shake my faith, since I resolute to be
Loyall to her, as she is true to me.

Exit Mathias.

Actus tertiy, Scena secunda.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Ubaldo. What we speake on the voley begins to worke,
We haue layd a good foundation

Ricardo. Build it vp
Or elte 'tis nothing, you haue by lot the honor
Of the first assault, but as it is condition'd
Obserue the tyme proportion'd, I'll not part with

My

The Picture.

My share in the atchieuement, when I whiske,
Or hemme fall off.

Enter Sophia.

Ubaldo. She comes Stand by, I'll watch
My oportunity.

Sophia. I find my selfe
Strangely distracted with the various stories
Now we l, now ill, then boubtfully by my ghefts
Deliuier'd of my Lord: and like poore beggers
That in their dreames find treasure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancie, make it questionable
Whither they sleepe, or not; yet teickl'd with
Such a phantafticke hope of happinesse,
Wish they may neuer wake in some such measure,
Incredulous of what I see, and touch
As 'twere a fading apparition, I
Am still perplex'd, and troubled, and when most
Confirm'd tis true a curious iealousie
To be assur'd, by what meanes, and from whom
Such a masse of welth, was first deseru'd, then gotten
Cunningly steale into me, I haue practis'd
For my certaine resolution with these courtiers
Promising priuate conference to either,
And at this hower, if in search of the truth
I heare or say more, then becomes my vertue
For giue me my *Mathias*.

Ubaldo. Now I make in,
Maddam as you commanded I attend
Your pleasure.

Sophia. I must thanke you for the fauour.

Ubaldo. I am no ghostly father, yet if you haue
Some scruples, touching your Lord, you would be resolu'd of
I am prepar'd.

Sophia. But will you take your oath
To answere truely?

Ubaldo. On the hemme of your smocke if you please

The Picture.

A vew I dare not breake it beeing a booke
I would g'adly fwere on.

Sophia. To spare sir that trouble
I'll take your word which in a gentleman
Should be of equall value, is my Lord then
In such grace with the Queene?

Ubaldo. Yon should best know
By what you haue found from him, whether he can
Deserue a grace or noe.

Sophia. What grace do you meane?
Ubaldo. That spciall grace (ifyou'l haue it)
He laboured so hard for betwene a paire of sheets
On your wedding night
When your Ladiship lost you know what.

Sophia. Fie be more modest
Or I must leaue you.
Ubaldo. I would tell a truth
As cleanlye as I could, and yet the subiecte
Makes me run out a litt'e.

Sophia. You woudl put now
A foolish ielouſie in my head my Lord
Hath gotten a new miftris.

Ubaldo. Onc? a hundred
But vnder feale I speake it, I presume
Vpon your silence, it being for your profit,
They talke of *Hercules*, backe for fifty in a night
'Twas well but yet to yours he was a pidler
Such a fouldier, and a courtier neuer came
To *Alba regalis*, the ladies run mad for him,
And there is such contention among 'em
Who shal lingrosse him wholy, that the like
Was neuer hard of.

Sophia. Are they handsome women? (to
Ubaldo. Fie noe course mammets, and whats worse they are old
Some fifty, soime threescore, and they pay deere fort
Beleevuing, that he carries a powder in his breeches

The Picture.

Will make 'em young againe, and these sucke shrewdly,
Ricardo. Sir I must fetch you off. *Whistles.*

Vbaldo. I could tell you wonders
Of the cures he has done, but a buisness of import
Ca'l me away, but that dispatch'd I will
Be with you presently.

steps aside.

Sophia. There is someting more
In this then bare suspition.

Ricardo. Saue you lady
Now you looke like your selfe ! I haue not look'd on
A lady more compleat yet haue seene a Madam
Were a garment of this fashion, of the same stiffe to,
One iust of your dimensions, fate the wind there boy.

Sophia. What lady sir ?

Ricardo. Nay nothng, and me thinkes
I shold know this rubie ver, good ? tis the same
This chaine of orient pearle, and this diamond to
Haue beene worn e before, but much good may they do you
Strength to the gentlemans backe he toyl'd hard for 'em,
Before he got 'em

Sophia. Why ? how were they gotten ?

Vbaldo hemms.

Ricardo. Not in the feeld with his sword vpon my life
He may thanke his clo'e stiller to, p'age vpon it
Run the minutes so fast, pray you excuse my manners
I left a letter in my chamber window,
Which I would not haue seene on any termes, fye on it
Forgetfull as I am, but I strayt attend you

Ricardo steps aside.

Sophia. This is strange his letters sayd these iewels were
Presented him by the Queene, as a reward
For his good seruice, and the trunckes of clothes
That followd them this last night, with hast made vp
By his direction.

Enter

The Picture.

Enter *Ubaldo*.

Ubaldo. I was telling you
Of wonders Maddam.

Sophia. If you are soe skilfull
Without premeditation answere me,
Know you this gowne, and these rich iewels?

Ubaldo. Heauen.
How things will come out, but that I should offend you,
And wrong my more then noble friend
Your husband for we are sworne brothers, in the discouery
Of his neerest secret s / could.

Sophia. By the hope of fauour
That you haue from me out with it.

Ubaldo. Tis a potent spell
I cannot resist, why I will tell you Madam,
And to how many feuerall women you are
Beholding for your brauerie, this was
The Wedding gowne of *Panlina* a rich strumpet
Worme but a day when she married ould *Gonzage*,
And left of trading.

Sophia. O my hart.

Ubaldo. This chaine
Of pearle was a great widdowes, that inuited
Your Lord to the masque, and the weither prouing foule
He lodg'd in her house all night, and merry they were,
But how he came by it I know not.

Sophia. Periurd man!
Ubaldo. This ring was *Iulieta*s, a fine peece
But very goed at the sport, this diamond
Was Madam *Acanthes* giuen him for a long
prick'd in a priuate arbor, as she sayd
Whenthe Queene askd for it, and she hard him sing to,
And danc'd to his hornepipe or there are lyers abroad
There are other toyes about you
The same way purchas'd but paraleld
With these not worth the relation.

The Picture.

You are happy in a husband neuer man
Made better vse of his strength, would you haue him wast,
His body away for nothing? If he holds out,
T he's not an Embroidered peticote in the court
But shall be at your seruice.

Sophia. I commend him
It is a thriuing trade, but pray you leaue me
A little to my selfe.

Vbaldo. You may command
Your seruant madam, she stury vnto the quicke ladd.

Ricardo. I did my part if this potion worke not hang me
Let her sleepe as well as she can to night, to morrow
We'll mount new batteries,

Vbaldo. And till then leaue her?

Exeunt Vbaldo, Ricardo.

Sophia. You powers that take into your care, the gard
Of innocence ayd me, for I am a creature,
Soe forseyed to dispaire, hope cannot fancie
A ransome to redeeme me, I begin
To wauer in my faith and marke it doubtfull
Whither the Saints that were canoniz'd for
Their holines of life find not in secret.
Since my *Mathias* is falne from his vertue
In such an open fashion, could it be else
That such a husband so deuoted to me,
so vow'd to temperance, for laciuous hire
Should prostitute himselfe to common harlots
Ould, and deform'd to wast for this he left me?
And in a faind pretence for want of meane's
To give me ornament? or to bring home
Diseases to me? suppose these are false,
And lustfull goates if he were true and right
Why stayes he so long from me? being made rich
And that the onely reason why he left me.
No he is lost; and shall I weare the spoiles.

And

The Picture.

And Salaries of lust? they cleave vnto me
Like *Nefus* poysor'd shirt? no in my rage
I'll tear 'em of, and from my body wash
The venoyme with my teares, haue I no spleene
Nor anger of a woman? shall he build
Vpon my ruins and I vureueng'd
Deplore his falsehood? no? with the same trash
For which he hath dishonor'd me, I'll purchase
A iust reuenge, I am not yet so much
In debt to years, nor so misshap'd that all
Should flie from my Embraces, chastity
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee,
I am now a seruant to voluptuousnesse,
Wantons of all degrees and fashions welcome
You shall be entertain'd, and if I stray
Let him condene himselfe, that lead the way.

Exit.

The end of the third Act.

Actus quarti, Scæna prima.

Enter Mathias, Baptista.

Baptista. We are in a desperat straight, ther's no euasion
Nor hope left to come of, but by your yeelding
To the necessity, you must faine a grant
To her violent passion, or

Mathias. What my *Baptista*?

Baptista. We are but dead else,

Mathias. We're the sword now heau'd vp,
And my necke vpon the blocke, I would not buy
An howers repriue with the losse of faith and vertue
To be made immortall heere, art thou a scholler
Nay almost without paralell, and yet feare

The Picture.

To dye which is inuiteable you may vrge
The many yeeres that by the course of nature
We may trauaile in this tedious pilg' image,
And hou'd it as a b'elisng, as it is
When innocence is our guid, yet know *Baptista*
Our vertues are preferu'd before our yeeres
By the great judge to dye vntaynted in
Our fame, and reputation is the greatest
And to loose that can we desire to liue?
Or shall I for a momentary pleasure
Which soone comes to a period, to all times
Hauie breach of faith and periury remembred
In a still liuing Epitath, no Baptista,
Since my *Sophia* will go to her graue
Vnspottet in her faith, I'll follow her
With equall loyalty, but looke on this
your owne great worke, your masterpeese, and then
She being still the same teach me to alter.
Ha! sure I do not sleepe! or if I dreame, *The pi-*
*This is a terrible vision! I will cleare *Elaine* altered.*
My eiesight, perhaps melancholly makes me
See that which is not.

Baptista. It is to apparent.
I grieue to looke vpon't, besidesthe yellow
That does assure sh'e's tempted there are lincs
Of a darke colour, that dispise themselues
Ore euery miuiature of her face, and those
Confirmee.

Mathias. She is turnd whore.

Baptista. I must not say so.
Yet as a friend to truth if you will haue me
Interpret it, in her consent, and wishes
She's false but not in fact yet.

Mathias. Fact *Baptista*?
Make not your selfe a pandar to her loosenes,
In labouring to palliate what a vizard

Of

The Picture.

Of impudence cannot couer did ere woman
In her will decline from chaffety, but found meanes
To giue her hot lust fukli? it is more
Imposibele in nature for grosse bodies
Defcending of themselues, to hang in the ayre,
Or with my single arme to vnde: prop
A falling fower, nay in its violent course
To stoppe the lightning then to stay a woman
Hunnid by two furies lust and falsehood
In her full carier to wickednes.

Baptista. Pray you tempter
The violence of your passion.

Mathias. In extreames
Of this condition, can it be in man
To vse a moderation? I am throwne
From a steepe rocke headlong into a gulph
Of misery, and find my selfe past hope
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling and this the figure of
My Idoll few howers since, while she cotinued
In her perfection that was late a mirror
In which I saw miracules shapes of duty,
Stayd manners with all excellency a husband
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the suddaine
Turnd to a magicall glasse, and does present
Nothing but hornes, and horrour

Baptista. You may yet
And 'tis the best foundation, build vp comfort
On your owne goodnes.

Mathias. Noe, that hath vndone me
For now I hold my temperance a sinne
Worse then excesse, and what was vice a vertue,
Haue I refus'd a Queene, and such a Queene
Whose rauishing beauties at the first sight had tempted
A hermit from his beades, and chang'd his prayers
To amorous Sonets, to preserue my faith

Ingiolate

The Picture.

*I*nuolate to thee, with the hazard of
My death with torturē, since she could inflict
No lesse for my contempt, and haue *I* made
Such a returne from thee? *I* will not curse thee,
Nor for thy falsehood raile against the sex
'Tis poore, and common, Ile onely with wise men
Whisper vnto my selfe, howere they seeme
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come
Hath heeretofore, can now, or euer shall
Producē on constant woman.

Baptista. This is more
Then the Satyrists wrot against 'em.

Mathias. Ther's no language
That can expresse the poyson of these Aspicks,
These weeping Crocadiles, and all to little
That hath beeing sayd against 'em but *I*'ll mould
My thoughts into another forme, and if
She can out-live the report of what I haue donne
This hand when next she comes within my reach
Shall be her executioner.

Enter Honoria.

Baptista. The Queene sir.

Honoraria. Wait our commnd at distance, sir you haue to
Free liberty to depart.

Baptista. I know my manners
And thankē you for the fauour.

Exit Baptista.

Honoraria. Haue you taken
Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now
Your resolute answere, but aduise maturely
Before *I* heare it,

Mathias. Let my actions Madam,
For no words can dilate my joy in all
You can command with cherefulnes to serue you,
Assure your highnes, and in signe of my
Submission, and contrition for my error.

My

The Picture.

My lipps, that but the last night shund the **touch**
Of yours as poyson, taught humility now
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honor
For such an vndescreuer seales my duty,
A cloudy mist of ignorance equall to
Cimmerian darkenes, would not let me see then
What now with adoration, and wonder
With reverence I looke vp to: but those fogg^s
Dispersd and scattered by the powerfull beames
With which your selfe the Sun of all perfection,
Vouchsafe to cure my blindnes like a suppliant
Aslow as I can kneele / humbly begge
What you once please to tender.

Honor. This is more

Then I could hope, what find you so attractiue
Vpon my face in so short time to make
This suddaine Metamorphosis? pray you rise;
I for your late neglect thus signe your pardon.
I now you kisse like a louer, and not as brothers
Coldly salute their sisters.

*Mathias. I am turnd
All spirit and fire.*

*Honor. Yet to givesome allay
To this hot feruor 'twere good to remember
The King, whose eies and cares are every where
With the danger to that followes, this discouer'd.*

*Mathias. Danger? a buggebeare Maddam let ride once
Like *Phaeton* in the the Chariot of your fauour,
And I com emme Ioues thunder though the King
In our embraces stood a looker on,
His hang-men and with studied cruelty ready
To dragge me from your armes, it should not fright me
From the inioyng that, a single life is
Too poore a price for, O that now all vigour
Of my youth were recollect^d for an hower
That my desire might meeete with yours and draw
The envy of all men in the Encounter
Vpon my head, I shoulde, but we loose time,*

K

Be

The Picture.

Begracious mighty Queen

Honor. Paue yet a little

The boonties of the King, and what weighs more
Your boasted constancie to your machlesse wife,
Should not soone be shaken.

Mathias. The whole fabricke

When I but looke on you, is in a moment
Oreturnd, and ruind, and as riuer's loose
Their names, when they are swalloed by the Ocean
In you alone all faculties of my sou'e
Are wholy taken vp, my wife, and King
At the best as things forgotten.

Honor. Can this be?

I haue gaynd my end now.

Mathias. Wherefore stay you Madam?

Honor. In my consideration what a nothing
Mans constancy is.

Mathias. Your beauties make it so,
In me sweet lady.

Honor. And it is my glory:
I could be coy now as you were, but I
Am of a gentler temper, howsoeuer,
And in a iust returne of what I haue suffer'd
In your disdaine, with the same measure graunt me
Equall deliberation I ere long
Will visitre you againe and when I next
Appeare, as conquerd by it, flauelike wayt
On my triumphant beauty.

Exit Honor.

Mathias. What a change
Is heere beyond my feare but by thy falsehood
Sophia not her beauty is it deni'd me
To sinne but in my wishes? what a frowne
In scorne at her departure she threw on me?
I am both waies lost; stormes of Contempt, and scorne
Are ready to breake on me, and all hope
Of shelter doubtfull I can neither be
Disloyall, nor yet honest, I stand guilty
On either part, at the worst death will end all,

And

The Picture.

And he must be my judge to right my wrong,
Since I haue lou'd too much and liv'd too long.

Exit Mathian.

Actus quarti, Scena secunda.

Enter Sophia sola with a booke and a note.

Sophia. Nor custome nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as doe offend make lesse the finne,
For each particular crime a strict accompt
Will be exacted, and that comfort which
The damnd pretend, fellowes in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments, euery one
Must suffer in himselfe the measure of
His wickednes, if so, as I must grant
It being vniſſutable in reason,
Howere my Lord offend, it is no warrant
For me to walke in his forbidden paths,
What penance then can expiate my guylte
For my content (transported then with passion)
To wan onnesse? the wondes I give my fame
Cannot recover his and though I haue fedd
These courtiers with promises and hopes
I am yet in fact vnaſtained and I trust
My sorrow for it with my purity
And loue to goodness for it ſelfe, made powerfull
Though all they haue alleadg'd p one true or false,
Will be ſuch exorcisines as ſhall command
This furie ialoulſie from me, what I haue
Determined touching them I am resolu'd
To put in execution, Within there?
Where are my noble ghefts?

Enter Hilario, Corisca, with other ſervants.

Hilario. The elder Maddam,
Is drinking by himſelfe to your Ladishipſ health
In Muskadine and egges and for a rafher
To draw His liquor downe he hath got a pie
Of marrow-bones, Potatos and Eringos,
With many ſuch ingredients, and tis ſayd

The Picture.

He hath sent his man in post to the next towne,
For a pound of Amber gris, and halfe a pecke
Offishes cald Cantharides.

Corisca. The younger
Prunes vp hiwselfe as if this night he were
To aet a bridegromes part, but to what purpose
I am ignorance it selfe,

Sophia. Continue so. *gives a paper.*
Let those lodgings be prepar'd as this directs you,
And fayle not in a circumstance, as you
Respect my fauour.

1 seruant. We haue our instructions

2 seruant. And punctually will follow 'em

Enter Vbaldo.

Exeunt seruants.

Hilario. Heere comes Madam
The Lord Vbaldo.

Vbaldo. Pretty on, thers gould,
To buy thee a new gowne, and ther's for thee,
Grow fat, and fit for seruice, I am now
As I should be at the height and able to
Beget a gyant, O my better Angell
In this you shew your widsome when you pay
The lecher in his owne coyne, shal you sit paling,
Like a patient Grisell, and be laught at? no
This is a fayre reueng, shall we to it?

Sophia. To what sir?

Vbaldo. The sport you promis'd.

Sophia. Could it be donne with safety.

Vbaldo. I warant you, I am sound as a bell, a tough
Old blade, and steele to the backe, as you shall find me
In the triall on your anuill.

Sophia. So, but how sir
Shall I satisfie your friend to whom by promise
I am equally ingag'd?

Vbaldo. I must confessse
The more the merier, but of all men living
Take heed of him you may safer run vpon
The mouth of a camo, when it is valading.

And

The Picture.

And come off colder.

Sophia. How ! is he not holsome ?

Ubaldo. Holosome? I'll tell you for your good, he is

A spittle of diseases and indeed

More lothsome and infections, the tubbe is

His weekly bath; He hath not dranke this seauen yeare

Before he came to your houfe, but compositions

Of Sassafras, and Guacum, and drie mutton

His daily portion; name what scratch soever

Can be goo by women and the Surgeons will resolute you

At this time or at that *Ricardo* had it.

Sophia. Bleffe me from him.

Ubaldo. 'Tis a good prayer Lady,

It being a degree vnto the px.

Only to mention him, if my tongue burne not hange me

When I but namd *Ricardo*.

Sophia. Sir this caution

Must be rewarded.

Ubaldo. I hope I haue marrd his market.

But when?

Sophia. Why presently follow my woman

She knowes where to conduct you, and will serue

To night for a page, let the waftcote I apointed

With the cambricq shirr pefum'd, and the rich cappe

Be brought into his chamber.

Ubaldo. Excellent Lady.

And a caudle too in the morning.

Corisca. I will fit you.

Enter *Ricardo*.

Exeunt. Ubaldo & Cor

Sophia. So hot on the scent here coines the other beagle.

Ricardo. Take purfe and all

Hilario. If this company would come often.

I shoud make a pretty terine on't,

Sophia. For your sake

I haue put him off, he only begda kiffe

I gaue it and so parted.

Ricardo. I hope better

He did not touch your lipps ?

The Picture.

Sophia. Yes I assure you.
There was no danger in it.
Ricardo. No? eate presently
These lozenges, of forty crownes an ounce,
Or you are vndone.

Sophia. What is the vertue of 'em.
Ricardo. They are preseruatiues against stinking breath
Rising from rotten lungs.

Sophia. If so your carriage
Of such deere antidotes in my opinion
May render yours suspected.

Ricardo. Fie no I vse 'em
When I talke with him I should be poysoned else.
But I'll be free with you. Hee was once a creature
It may be of Gods making, but long since
He is turnd to a druggists shoppe, the spring and fall
Hold all the yeere with him that he liues he owes
To art not nature, she has giuen him o're.
He moues like the faery King, on scrucs and wheeles
Made by his Doctors recipes, and yet still
They are out ofioynt, and every day repairing
He has a regiment of whores he keepes
At his owne charge in a lazar houise but the best is
There's not a sole among 'em: Hee's acquainted
With the greene water and the spitting pill
Familiar to him, in a frosty morning
You may thrust him in a pottle pot his bones
Rattle in his Skinne like beanes tof'd in a bladder
If he but heere a coche the fomentum
The Friction with funigation cannot sauе him
From the chine euill in a word he is
Not on disease but all, yet being my friend
I will forbeare his character, for I would not
Wrong him in your opinion.

Sophia. The best is
The vertues you bestow on him to me
Are mistries I know not but howeuer
I am at your seruice. Sirra let it be your care
T'vncloth the gentleman, and with speed, delay

Takes

The Picture.

Takes from delight.

Ricardo. Good, there's my hat, sword, cloke,
A vengeance on these buttons, off with my dublet
I dare show my Skinne, in the touch you will like it better
Prerhe cut my codpeese poynt, and for this seruice
When I leauie them off they are thine.

Hilario. I'll take your word sir.

Ricardo. Deere lady stay not long.

Sophia. I may come too soone sir

Ricardo. No, no I am ready now,

Exeunt Hilario,

Hilario. This is the way sir.

and Ricardo.

Sophia. I was much too blame to credit their reports
Touching my Lord that so traduce each other
And with such virulent malice, though I presume
They are bad enough, but I haue studied for 'em
A way for their recouerie.

The noyse of clapping a doore, Ubaldo aboue in his shir.

Ubaldo. What doft thou meane wench?
Why doft thou shut the doore upon me? ha
My cloths are taine away to I shal I starue heere?
Is this my lodging? I am sure the lady talkd of
A rich cappe, a perfum'd shirr, and a wastcote
But heere is nothing but a little fresh straw,
A pettycote for a courerlet and that torne to,
And an ould womans biggen for a night cappe,

Enter Corisca.

Slight tis a prison, or a pigstie, ha!
The windows grated with Iron I cannot force' em
And if I leape downe heere I breake my necke
I am betrayd, rogues villaines let me out
I am a Lord, and that's no common tittle,
And shall I be ysd. hys?

Sophia. Let him rauie, Hee's fast
I'll parley with him at leasure.

Ricardo entring with a great noyse aboue, as fallen.

Ricardo. Zooncs haue you trap doores?

Sophia. The other birtys i' th cage too let him flutter.

Ricardo. Whither am I falne into Hell?

Ubaldo

The Picture.

Vbaldo. Who makes that noyse there?
Help me if thou art a friend?

Ricardo. A friend? I am where
I cannot helpe my selfe, let me see thy face.

Vbaldo. How *Ricardo*! prethe throw me
Thy cloke, if thou canst to couer me I am almost
Frōzen to death.

Ricardo. My cloke, I haue no breeches
I am in my shirt as thou art, and heer's nothing
For my selfe but a clownes cast suite.

Vbaldo. We are both vndone
Prethe rore a little, Madam.

Euter Hilario in Ricardos suite.

Ricardo. Lady of the houſe.

Vbaldo. Groomes of the chamber

Ricardo. Gentlewomen, mi kemaydes.

Vbaldo. Shall we be murthered?

Sophia. Noc but soundly punish'd
To your diserts.

Ricardo. You are not in earnest Madam?

Sophia. Judge as you find, and feele it, and now heere
What I irreuocable purpose to you.
Being receau'd as gheſts into my house
And with all it afforded entertain'd
You haue forgot all hospitable duties,
And with the defamation of my Lord
Wrought on my woman weakenesse in reuenge
Of his iniuries, as you fashiond 'em to me,
To yeld my honor to your lawlesſe lust.

Hilario. Marke that poore fellowes.

Sophia. And so far you haue
Transgref'd against the dignity of men
(who should, bound to it by vertue, still defend
Chast ladies honors) that it was your trade
To make 'em in famous, but you are caught
In your owne toiles like lustfull beasts, and therfore
Hope not to find the vſage of men from me
Such mercie you haue forfeited, and shall suffer

Like

The Picture.

Like the most flauish women.

Vbaldo. How will you vse vs?

Sophia. Ease and excesse in feeding made you wanton
A plurisie of ill blood you must let out.

By labour, and spare diet, that way got to,
Or perish for hunger, reach him vp that distaffe
With the flax vpon it, though no Omphale
Nor you a second *Hercules*, as I take it
As you spinne well at my command, and please me
Your wages in the courseſt bread, and water,
Shall be proportionable.

Vbaldo. I will starue first.

Sophia. That's as you please.

Ricardo. What will become of me now?

Sophia. You shall haue gentler worke I haue oft obseru'd
You were proud to shew the finenesse of your hands,
And softnes of your fingers, you should reele well
What he spins if you give your mind to it, as ill force you
Deliuier him his materialls. Now you know
Your penance fall to worke, hunger will teach you
And so as flaues to your lust, not me I leaue you. *Exit Sophia.*

Vbaldo. I shal spinne a fine thred out now *and seruants.*

Ricardo. I cannot looke
On these denices but they put me in mind
Of rope-makers.

Hilario. Fellow thinke of thy taske
Forget such vanities, my livery there
Will serue the to worke in.

Ricardo. Let me haue my clothes yet,
I was bountifull to thee.

Hilario. They are past your wearing
And mine by prom is, as all these can witnes
You haue no holydaies comming, nor will I worke
While these, and this laſts and so when you please
You may shut vp your shoppe windowes.

Vbaldo. I am faint

And must lye downe.

Ricardo. I am hungry to, and could
Ocurſed women

Exit Hilario.

The Picture.

Ubaldo. This comes of our whoring.
But let vs rest as well as we can to night
But not ore sleepe our selues, leaft we fast to morrow.

They drew the curtaines.

Astas quatri, Scena tertia.

*Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand,
Acanthe, atten lance.*

Honoria. Now you know all sir with the motiues why
I forcd him to my lodging.

Ladislaus. I desire

No more such trials Lady.

Honoria. I presume sir
You do not doubt my chastity.

Ladislaus. I would not,
But these are strange inducements.

Eubulus. By no meanes sir
Why though he were with violence ceasd vpon,
And still deraynd the man sir being no soldier
Nor vsd to charge his pike when the breach is open
There was no danger in't : you must conceive sir,
Being relligious, she Chose him for a Chaplaine
To read old Homelies to her in the darke,
Shee's bound to it by her Cannons.

Ladislaus. Still tormented
With thy impertinence.

Honoria. By your selfe deere sir.
I was ambitious onely to ouer throw
His boasted constancy in his consent,
But for fafe I contemne him, I was neuer
Unchast in thought, I laboured to give prooфе
What power dwels in this beauty you admire so,
And when you see how soone it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition hee addores it,
Determine as you please.

Ladislaus. I will looke on
This pageant but.

Honoria. When you haue seene and hard sir.
The passages, which I my selfe discouer'd,
And could haue kept conceal'd had I meant basely

Ladislaus.

The Picture.

Judge as you please.

Ladiflans. well Ill obserue the issuc.

Eubulus. How had you tooke this Generall in your wife?

Ferdinand. As a strange curiositie, but *Queenes*
Are priuiledgd aboue subiects, and tis fit sir.

Exeunt.

Altus quarti, Scana quarti.

Enter Mathias, Baptista.

Baptista. You are much altered sir since the last night
When the *Queene* left you, and looke cheerefully
Your dulnesse quite blowne ouer.

Mathias. I haue seene a vision
This morning makes it good, and neuer was
In such security as at this instant,
Fall what can fall, and whea the *Queene* appeares
Whose shordest absence now istedious to me,
Obserue 'th in counter.

Enter Honoria, Ladiflans, Eubulus, Ferdinand

Acanthe, with others aboue.

Baptista. She already is
Entred the lists.

Mathias. And I prepar'd to meeete her.

Baptista. I know my duty.

Honoria. Not so you may stay now
As a witnes of our contract.

Baptista. I obey
In all things Madam.

Honoria. Wher's that reuerence,
Or rather superstitious addoration,
Which captiue like to my triumphant beauty
You payd last night? no humble knee? nor signe
Of vassall duty? sure this is the foote,
To whose proud couer, and then happy in it,
Your lipps were glewd; and that the necke then offer'd
To witnes your subiectiōn to be trod on
Your certaine losse of life in the Kings anger
Was then to meane a price to buy my fauour.
And that false gloweworme fire of constancie
To your wife, extinguished by a greater light

The Picture.

Shot from our eyes ; and that it may be (being
To glor'ous to be look'd on) hath depriu'd you
O speech, and motion : but I will take off
A little from the splendor, and descend
From my owne height, and in your lownesse heere you
Plead as a suppliant.

Mathias. I do remember
I once saw such a woman.

Honorius. How !

Mathias. And then
She did appearre a most magnificent *Queene*
And what's more vertuous though soincwhat darkned
With pride and selfe oppinion.

Eubulus. Call you this court shipp?

Mathias. And she was happy in a royll husband,
Whom enuie could not tax, vniess it were
For his too much indigence to her humors.

Eubulus. Pray you sir obserue that touch, tis to the purpose
I like the play the better for't.

Mathias. And she liu'd
Worthy her birth, and fortune; you retayne yet
Some part of her angelicall forme, but when
Enuie to the beauty of a nother woman
Inferior to hers, (one she never
Had seene but in her picture) had dispers'd
Infection through her veines and loyaltie
Which a great *Queene* as shee was shoul'd haue nourish'd
Grew odious to her

Honorius. I am thunderstroke.

Mathias. And lust in all the brauery it could borrow
From maiesty, howere disguisde had tooke
Sure footing in the kingdome of her heart
(The throne of chastity once,) how in a moment
All that was gratioues, great, and glorioues in her
And woone vpon all hearts, like seeming shadowes
Wanting true substance vanish'd.

Honorius. How his realons
Worke on my Soule.

Mathias. Retire into your selfe.

Your

The Picture.

Your owne strengths Madam, strongly man'd with vertue
And be but as you were, and there's no offence.
So base beneath the flauery, that men
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play, and iuggle with a stranger
Varying your shaples like *Thetis* though the beauties
Of all that are by Poets raptures Sancted
Were now in you vnited, you should passe
Pittied by me perhaps, but not regarded.
Enbalus. If this take not I am cheated.

Mabias. To slip once
Is incident, and excusde by humane fraylty,
But to fall euer damnable we were both
Guilty I grant in tendering our affection,
But, as I hope you will doc, I repented.
When we are growne vp to ripenesse, our life is
Like to this picture. While we runne
A constant race in goodnesse, it retaines
The iust proportion. But the iourneyes being
Tedium and sweet temptations in the way,
That may in some degree diuert vs from
The rode that we put forth in, ere we end
Our pilgrimage, it may like this turne yellow
Or be with blacknesse c'ouded. But when we
Finde we haue gone astray, and labour to
Returne vnto our never fayling guide
Vertue, contrition with vnfained teares,
The spots of vice wash'd off will soone restore it
To the first purenesse.

Honoria. I am disenchanted
Mercy, O mercy heauens?

kneeleſ

Ladiflars. I am rapished with
What I haue see and heard.

Ferdinand. Let vs descend and heere
The rest below.

Enbalus. This hath faine out beyond
My expeſtaſion. *they descend.*

Honoria. How haue I wandered
Out of the tract of piety and mirth

The Picture.

By ouerweening pride, and flattery
Of fawning sycophants (the bane of greatness)
Could never meete till now a passenger
That in his charity would set me right,
Or stay me in my precipice to ruine.
How ill haue I return'd your goodnes to me?
The horror in my thought oft turnes me marble.

Enter the King and others,

But if it may be yet preuented, O sir,
What can I do to shew my sorrow or
With what brow aske your pardon?

Ladislaus. Pray you rise.

Honorria. Neuer, till you forgiue me, and receiue
Vnto your loue, and fauour a chang'd woman.
My state, and pride turn'd to humillity henceforth
Shall waite on your commands, and my obedience
Steer'd only by your will.

Ladislaus. And that will proue
A second and a better marriage to me, all is forgot

Honorria. Sir I must not rise yet
Till with a free confession of a crime,
Unknowne to you yet, and a following suite
Which thus I beg be granted.

Ladislaus. I melt with you.
Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.

Honorria. Know then sir.
In malice to this good knight's wife I practis'd
Ubaldo, and *Ricardo*, to corrupt her.

Baptista. Thence grew the change of the picture.

Honorria. And how far
They haue preuail'd I am ignorant now if you sir
Or the honor of this goodman, may be intreated
To trauaile thither, it being but a dayes iourney
To fetch 'em off,

Ladislaus. We will put on to night.

Baptista. I if you please your harbinger.

Ladislaus. I thanke you.

Let me embrace you in my armes, your seruice
Done on the *Turke* compard with this waighsuothing.

Mathias.

The Picture.

Mathias. I am still your humble creature.

Ladislaus. My true friend

Ferdinand. And so you are bound to hold him.

Enbulus. Such a plante

Imported to your Kingdome, and heere grafted
Would yeld more fruit then al. the idle weedes
That sucke vp your raigne of fauour.

Ladislaus. In my will

I'll not be wanting, prepare for our iourney.
In aucte be my *Honoria* now, not name,
And to al after times preferre thy fame.

Exeunt.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quinti, Scæna prima.

Sophia, Corisca, Hilario.

Sophia. Are they then so humble

Hilario. Hunger and hard labour

Haue tamde' em Madam, at the first they below'd
Like stagg's tane in a toyle and would not worke
For sullenenesse, but when they found with out it
Therewas no eating, and that to starue to death
Was much against their stomachs, by degree
Against their wills they fell to it.

Corisca. And now feed on

The little pittance you allow with g'adnesse

Hilario. I do remember that they stop'd their noses
At the sight of beefe, and mutton as course feeding
For their fine palats, but now their worke being ended
They leape at a barley crust and hold cheſe parings
With a ſpoonfull of pal'd wine pour'd in their water,
For ſeſtivall exceedings.

Corisca. When I examine

My ſpinſters worke bee trembles like a prentice
And takes a boy on the care when I ſpic faults
And botches in his 'abouti, as a fauour
From a cuſt miftriffe.

Hilario. The other to recle well

For

The Picture.

For his time, and if your ladiship wou'd p'ease.
To see 'em for your sport, since they want airyng
It wou'd do well in my iudgement, you shal heare
Such a hungry diologe from 'em.

Sophia. But suppose
When they are out of prison they should grow
Rebellious?

Hilario. Neuer feare't Ill vndertake
To lead' em out by the nose with a course thred
Of the o nes spinning and make the other reele after
And wit h out grumbling, & when you are weary of
Their co mpany as easily returne 'em.

Corifica Deere Madam it will helpe to drieue away
Your melancholy.

Sophia. Well on this assurance
I am cont'nt, bring 'em hither.

Hilario. I will do it
In stately Equipage. *Exit Hilario.*

Sophia. They haue confessed then
They were set on by the ~~Q~~ ueene to taynt mee in
My lo yalty to my Lord?

Corifica. Twas the maine cause,
That brought 'em hither.

Sophia. I am glad I know it
And as I haue begun before I end
Ill at the height reuenge it, let vs steppe aside
They come the obiects so ridiculous
In spight of my sad thoughts I cannot but
Lend a fore'd finile to grace it.

Enter Hilario, Vbaldo spinning, Ricardo reeling.

Hilario. Come away
Worke as you go, and loose no time 'tis precious
You'll find it in your Commons.

Ricardo. cornons call you it
The word is proper I haue graz'd so long
Vpon your commons I am almost staru'd heere
Hilario. Worke harder and they shall be better'd

Vbaldo. better'd?
worser they cannot be would I might ly'e

Like

The Picture-

Like a dogge vnder her table and serue for a footstoole
So I might haue my belly full of that
Her l Island curr refuses.

Hilario. Ho w do you like
Yourayring? is it not a fauour?

Ricardo. Yes

Iust such a one as you vse to a brace of gray-houndes
When they are ledd out of their kennels to scumber
But our case is ten times harder, we haue nothing
In our bellies to be vented, if you will bee
And honest yeoman phenterer, feed vs first,
And walke vs after?

Hilario. Yeomen phenterer?
Such another word to your Gouernor, and you gos
Supperfle to bed fort.

Ubaldo. Nay even as you please.
The comfortable names of breake-fasts, dinnaers,
Collations, supper, beuage, are words
Worne out of our remembrance.

Ricardo. Of the steame
Of meat in a cookes shoppe?

Ubaldo. I am so drie
I haue not spittle enough to wett my fingers
When I draw my flax from my distaffe

Ricardo. Nor I strength
To raife my hand to the top of my reeler. oh.
I haue the cramp all ouer me

Hilario. What do you thincke
Were best to apply to it, a crampstone as I take it
Were very vsefull.

Ricardo. Oh no more of stones
We haue beene vsd to long like hawkes already.
Ubaldo. We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting
We will come to an empty fist.

Hilario. Nay that you shall not
So hoe birdes, how the eyasses scratch, and scramble
Take heed of a surfeit do not cast your gorges,
This is more then I haue commission for, be thankefull.

Sophia. Were all that studie the abuse of women

The Picture.

Vsd thus, the city would not swarne with Cuckolds
Nor so many trads-menbreake.

Corisca. Pray you appeare now
And marke the alteration.

Hilario. To your worke
My Lady is in presence, shew your duties
Exceeding well.

Sophia. How do your scollers profit?

Hilario. Hold vp your heads demurely. Prettily
For young beginners.

Corisca and will do well in time
If they be kept in awe.

Ricardo. In awe I am sure
I quake like an aspen leafe.

Ubaldo. no mercy Lady?

Ricardo. Nor intermission?

Sophia. Let me see your worke.
Fie vpon't what a thredds heere, a poore coblers wife
Would make a finer to sow a clounes rent start vp
And heere you reele as you were druncke.

Ricardo. I am sure it is not with wine

Sophia. O take heade of wine
Could water is far better for your healths
Of which I am very tender, you had foule bodies
And must concinue in this phisicall diet
Tell the cause of your disease be tane away
For feare of a relaps and that is dangerous
Yet I hope alrcdy that you are in some
Degree recouerd and that way to resoule me
Answer me truely, nay what I propound
Concernes both neerer, what would you now giue
If your meanes were in your hands to lye all night
With a fresh and hanfume ladie?

Ubaldo. How a lady?
O I am pasd it, hunger with her razor
Hath made me an euenuch
Ricardo. for a messe of porridge
well sop'd with a bunch of raddish and a carret
I would sell my barronrie but for women. oh

The Picture.

Noe more of women not a doyte for a doxeie
After this hungry voyage.

Sophia. Thele are truly
Good symptomes, let them not venture to much in the ayre
Till they are weaker.

Ricardo. this is tyranie

Ubaldo. Scorne vpon scorne

Sophia. You were so
In your malitious intents to me *Enter a seruante*
And therefore tis but iustice what's the busnesse?

Seruant. My Lords great frend signior *Baptista* Madam
Is newly lighted from his horse with certaine
Assurance of my Lords arruall.

Sophia. How
And stand I trifling here, hence with the mungrells
To there feuerall kennells, therelet them houle in priuat
Ile bee no farther troubled. *Excunt Sophia and seruante.*

Ubaldo. O that euer

I saw this fury

Ricardo. Or look'd one a woman
But as a prodigie in nature

Hilario. Silence

Noe more of this

Corisca. me thincks you haue noe cause
To repent your being heere

Hilario. haue you not learnt
Whenyour states are spent your feuerall trades to live by
and neuer charge the hospital?

Corisca. Worke butt itely
And wee will not vle a dishe-cloute in the house
But of your spinning

Ubaldo. O I would this hempe
Were turnd to a halter

Hilario. Will you march

Ricardo. A soft one
Good generall I beseech you

Ubaldo. I can hardly
Draw my legs after me

Hilario. For a crouchy you may vse

The Picture.

Your distasse, a good wit makes vse of all things.

Exeunt.

Actus quinti, Scena secunda.

Enter Sophia, Baptista.

Sophia. Was he iealous of me?

Baptista. Ther's no perfite loue

Without some touch of t' Madam.

Sophia. And my picture

Made by your diuelish art, a spie vpon

My actions? I neuer farte to be drawne,

Nor had you sir comision for't,

Baptista. excuse me,

At his earnest sutg I did it.

Sophia. Very good,

Was I growne so cheape in his opinion of me?

Baptista. The prosperous euent that crownd his fortunes
May qualifie the offence.

Sophia. Rood the euent

The sanctuary fooles and madmen fie to,

when their rash and desperat vndertakings thriue well

But good, and wisemen are directed by

Graue counsailes, and with such deliberation

Proceed in their affaires that chance had nothing

To do with 'em, howsoere, take the paynes sir

To meeete the honor in the King, and *Queene*

Approches to my house, that breakes vpon mee

I will expect them with my best of care

Baptista. To entertaine such royll ghests.

Sophia. I know it

Exit Baptista.

Leauet that to me sir what should mone the *Queene*

So giuen to ease and pleasure, as fame speakes her,

To such a iourney? or worke on my Lord

To doubt my loyalty? nay more to take

For the resolution of his feares, a course

That is by holy writ denide a christian?

Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome

He hopes in my embraces may deceiue

His expectation the trumpets speake

The Kings arriuall, helpe a womans wit now,

To make him know his fault and my iust anger.

Exit Sophia.

Actus

The Picture.

Aetlus quinti, scena ultima.

*Loud musicke, Enter Mathias, Eubulus, Ladislaus, Ferdinand,
Honoria, Baptista, Acanthe, with attendants*

Eubulus. Your maiesty must be weary.

Honoraria. No my Lord

A willing mind makes a hard iourney easie

Mathias. Not lone attended on by Hermes, was
More welcome to the cottage of *Philemon*,
And his poore Baucis, then your gratiouse selfe.
Your matchlesse Queene, and all your royll traine
Are to your seruant and his wife.

Ladislaus. Where is she?

Honoraria. I long to see her as my now loud riuall

Eubulus. And I to haue a smach at her, 'tis a cordiall
To an old man, better then sacke, and a tost
Before he goes to supper.

Mathias. Ha is my house turnd
To a wildernesse? nor wife nor seruants ready
Withall rites due to maiesty to receiue
Such vunexpected blessings? you assurd me
Of better preparation, hath not
Th' excesse of ioy transported her beyond
Her vnderstanding?

Baptista. I now parted from her,
And gaue her your directions.

Mathias. How shall I begge
Your maiesties patience? sure my famelic's druncke
Or by soime witch in enuie of my glory
A dead sleepe throwne vpon 'em.

Enter Hilario, and seruants.

1 seruant. Sir.

Mathias. But that
The sacred presence of the King forbids it,
My sword should make a massacre among you.
Where is your mistris?

Hilario. First you are welcome home sir
Then know she faies shee's sicke sir, there's no notice
Taken of my brauery.

The Picture.

Mathias. SICKE at such a time!
I cannot be thought she were on her death bed,
And her spirit euen now departed heere stand they
Could call it backe againe, and in this honor
Give her a second being, bring me to her,
I know not what to vrge, or how to redeeme
This morgage of her manners.

*Exeunt Mathias
and Hilario.*

Eubulus. Ther's no climate
On the world I thinke where on iades tricke or other
Raaignes not in women,

Ferdinand. You were euer bitter
Against the Sex.

Ladislaus. This is very strange.

Honoraria. Meane women
Haue their faults as well, as Q ueenes.

Ladislaus. O shee appeares now.

Enter Mathias, Sophia.

Mathi. The iniury that you conceiue I haue done you
Dispute heereafter, and in your peruerisenes
Wrong not your selfe, and me.

Sophia. I am pas'd my childhood,
And need no tutor.

Mathias. This is the great King.
To whom I am ingag'd till death for all
I stand posess'd of.

Sophia. My humble roofe is proud sir.
To be the canopie of so much greatness,
Set off with goodnes.

Ladislaus. My owne prayses flying
In such pure ayre, as your sweete breath faire Lady
Cannot but please me.

Mathias. This is the Queene of Q ueenes,
In her magnificence to me.

Sophia. In my duty
I kisse her highnes robe.

Honoraria. You stoope to low
To her whose lipps would meeete with yours.

Sophia. Howere.
It may appeare prepostrous in women

The Picture.

Soe to encounter, 'tis your p'leasure Madam
And not my proud ambition, do you heere sir.
Without a magical picture in the touch,
I find your printe of close and wanton kisses
On the Queenes lipps

Mathias. Vpon your life be silent.
And now salute these Lords.

Sophia. Since you'll hane me
You shall see I am experienc'd at the game
And can play it titely, you are a braue man sir
And do deserue a free and harty welcome
Be this the prologue to it.

Eubulus. An old mans turne
Is euer last in kissing, I haue lipps too
However cold ones Madam.

Sophia. I will warme 'em.
With the fire of mine.

Eubulus. And so she has I thanke you.
I shall sleepe the better all night for't.

Mathias. You expresse
The boldnes of a wanton courtezan,
And not a matrons modesty, take vp,
Or you are disgrac'd foreuer.

Sophia. How? with kissing
Feelingly as you taught mee? would you haue me
Turne my cheeke to 'em, as proud ladies yse
To their inferiors, as if they intended
Some businesse should be whisperd in their eare
And not a salutation, what I doe
I will do freely, now I am in the humor
I'll flicke at all, are there any more?

Mathias. Forbeare.
Or you will rayse my anger to a heigh't,
That will descend in fury.

Sophia. Whie? you know
How to resolute your selfe what my intents are,
By the helpe of Mephostophiles, and your picture,
Pray you looke vpon't againe, I humbly thanke
The Queenes great care of me, while you were absent.

She

The Picture.

She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,
And being for that time kind of widdow,
To pacfe away her melancholly hower's
Without good company, and in charity therefore
Prouided for me, out of her owne store
She culd the Lords *Ubaldo*, and *Ricardo*,
Two principall courtiers for Ladies seruice,
To do me all good offices, and as such
Imployd by her, I hope I haue receaud,
And entertain'd 'em, nor shall they depart
Without the effect arisiss from the cause
That brought 'em hither.

Mathias. Thou dost be-lye thy selfe,
I know that in my absence thou wer't honest,
Howeuer now turnd monster.

Sophia. The truth is
We did not deale like you in speculations
On cheating pictures; we knew shadowes were
No substances and actuall performance
The best assurance, I will bring 'em hither
To make good in this presence so much for me.
Some minutes space I begge your maiesties pardon
You are mou'd now champe vpon this bit a little
Anon you shall haue another, waite me *Hilario*.

Exeunt Sophia, & Hilario.

Ladislaus. How now? turnd statue sir?

Mathias. Fie, and fie quicklie
From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am, in her tongue
Millions of adders hisse, and every hayre
Vpon her wicked head a snake more dreadfull
Then that *Tisiphon*, threw on *Athamas*,
Which in his madnes forc'd him to dismember
His proper issue O that euer I
Repos'd my trust in magick, or beleev'd
Impossibilitiess, or that charmes had power

To

The Picture.

Eubulus. These are the fruities
Of marriage, and old batchelor, as I am,
And what's more will continue so, is not trouble
With these fine fagaries.

Ferdinand. Till you are resolu'd sir,
Forsake not hope.

Baptista. Vpon my life this is
Dissimulation.

Lasilius. And it futes not with
Your fortitude and wisdome to be thus
Transported with your passion.

Honoraria. You were once
Deceau'd in me sir as I was in you,
Yet the deceipte please both.

Mathias. She hath confes'd all,
What further proofe should I aske ?

Honoraria. Yet remember
The distance that is interpo'l'd betweene
A womans tongue, and her hart, and you must grant
You build vpon no certaineties.

Enter Sophia, Corisca, Hilario, Vbaldo, & Ricardo, as before.

Eubulus. What haue we heere ?

Sophia. You must come on and show you selues.

Vbaldo. The King !

Ricardo. And Queene too, would I were as far vnder the earth
As I am aboue it.

Vbaldo. Some Poet will
Prom this relation, or in verse, or prooese,
Or both together blended render vs
Ridiculous to all ages,

Lasilius. I remember
This face when it was in a better plight
Are not you *Ricardo* ?

Honoraria. And this thing I take it
Was once *Vbaldo*.

Vbaldo. I am now I know not what.

Ricardo. We thanke your maiesty for imploying vs
To this subiili Circe.

The Picture.

Eubulus. How my Lord? turnd spinster.
Do you worke by the day or by the great?

Ferdinand. Is your Theorbo
Turnd to a distaff Signior, and your voyce
With which you chanted rome for a lusty gallant
Turnd to the note of lacreymæ?

Eubulus. Prethee tell me
For I know thou art free, how often and to the purpose
Hast thou beene merry with this lady.

Ricardo. Neuer, neuer.

Ladiflans. Howsoever you shold say so, for your credit
Being the only court bull.

Vbaldo. O that euer

I saw this kicking heyfer,

Sophia. You see Madam

How I haue curd your seruants, and what fauours
They with their rampalit valour haue woone from me.
You may as they are phisick'd, I preſimme
Trust a faire virgine with 'em, they haue leard
Their ſeuerall trades to liue by, and payd nothing
But cold, and hunger for 'em, and may now
Set vp for them ſelues for heere I giue 'em ouer,
And now to you ſir, why doe you not againe,
Perufe your picture, and take the aduice
Of your learned conſort? theſe are the men, or none
That made you, as the Italian ſayes a beco.

Mathias. I know not which way to intreat your pardon
Nor am I worthy of it my *Sophia*,
My beſt *Sophia*, heere before the king,
The Queene, theſe Lords, and all the lookers on
I do renounce my error, and embrace you
As the great example to all after times
For ſuch as would dye chaste, and noble wiues
With reuerence to immitate.

Sophia. Not ſo ſir.
I yet hold of, howeuer I haue purg'd
My doubted innocence, the foule aspertions
In your unmanly doubts cast on my honor

Cannot

The Picture.

Cannot so soone be washd of.

Eubulus. Shall we haue
More ijggobobs yet?

Sophia. When you went to the warrs
I set no spie vpon you to obserue
which way you wandred, though our sex by nature
Is subiect to suspitions and feares,
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from 'em.
But to deale as you did gaingt your religion
With this inchanter to suruey my actions
Was more then womans weaknes, therefore know
And tis my boone vnto the King, I doe
Desire a seperation from your bed
For I will spend the remnant of my life
In prayer, and meditation.

Mashim. O take pitty
Upon my weake condition, or I am
More wretched in your innocence, then if
I had found you guilty, haue you showne a iewell
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind
To locke it vp againe? She turues away
Will none speake for me? shame, and sinne hath robd me
Of the vse of my tongue.

Ladislaus. Since you haue conquerd Maddam
You wrong the glory of your victory
If you vse it not with mercy.

Ferdinand. Any penance
You please to impose vpon him I dare warrant
He will gladly suffer.

Eubulus. Haue I liu'd to see
But on good woman, and shall we for a trifle
Haue her returne nun? I will first pull downe the cloyster
To the ould sporr againe with a good lucke to you
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must haue some of the breed of you, will you destroy
The kind, and race of goodness? I am conuerted
And aske your pardon Madam for my ill opinion
Against the sex, and shew me but two such more

The Picture.

I'll marry yet, and loue em.

Honoraria. She that yet

Nere knew what 'twas to bend but to the King
Thus begge remission for him.

Sophia. O deere Madam
Wrong not your greatnessse so.

Omnes. We all are sutors.

Ubaldo. I do deserue to bee hard among the rest.

Ricardo. And we haue sufferd for it

Sophia. I perceiue
Thers no resistance but suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me, He'll be free
From icalousie heereafter.

Mathias. I will be
My owne security, go ride where yon please,
Feast, reuele, banquet, and make chiose with whom
I'll set no watch vpon you, and for proofe, oft
This cursed picture I surrendur vp
To a consuming fire.

Baptista. As I abuire
The practise of my art.

Sophia. Upon this termes.
I am reconcil'd and for these that haue payd
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

Ladislaus. At your request they haue it.

Ubaldo. Hang all trades now.

Ricardo. I will find a new one, and that is to liue honest.

Hilario. These are my fee's.

Ubaldo. Pray you take 'em with a mischeefe.

Ladislaus. So all ends in peace now
And to all married men be this a caution.
Which they shoule duly tender as their life
Neither to dote to much nor doubt a wife.

Exeunt Omnes

FINIS.

